

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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London
June 25, 1947



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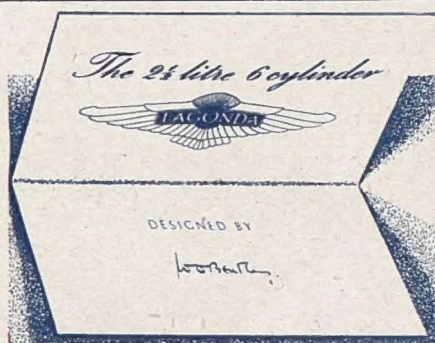
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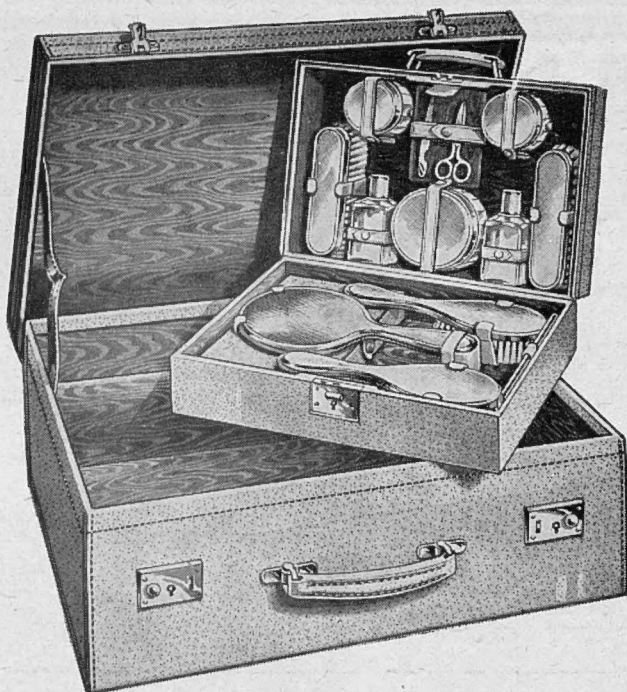
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COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, accompanied her father and the Duke of Gloucester at the Trooping of the Colour on His Majesty's official birthday. She rode side-saddle, and it was universally conceded that in her specially designed dark blue uniform Her Royal Highness made a most striking figure at this impressive ceremony in which over one thousand officers and men took part



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

YOUR correspondent is now prepared to admit that the war is over and that an undoubted state of peace obtains. The yardstick? A simple (and possibly novel) one: the reappearance of those curious persons who desire, with great fervour and apparent conviction, to "reform" men's wearing apparel. The waiting months have indeed been long and wearisome, endless one almost felt; the sign, the signal, nod, wink, nudge, gesture—would it never come? Ah, but at last it has. Brothers, it is Peace, it's wonderful. Tell it in Gath, publish it in Askelon, let every Grub Street hack declaim it and bellmen cry it aloud in the thoroughfares.

God bless the malformed souls of these merry gentlemen who wish us all to wear our shirt-tails outside our bright yellow shorts and expose our throats to health-giving breezes, rid of the constricting collar and tie. They bring us dinner-jackets of vivid blue cut as battledress blouses. They bring us—but have a care; they bring us Peace. The state of the nation now is normal.

In most periods and countries there have been persons, and even groups and classes of persons, who sought to attract attention by eccentricities in dress. In England during the last two centuries we have had gallants, bloods, bucks, beaux, fribbles, macaronis, fops, corinthians, dandies, exquisites, swells and heavy swells. Among all these I confess to a soft spot for the macaronis whose short but very lively reign reached its apex around 1772.

The Macaronis

THESE bold fellows were distinguished by an immense knot of artificial hair behind the head, a very small cocked hat, an enormous walking-stick with long tassels and a jacket, waistcoat and small-clothes cut to fit the person as closely as possible. The knot of hair was celebrated thus in a satirical song of the times:

*Five pounds of hair they wear behind,
The ladies to delight, O
Their senses gives unto the wind,
To make themselves a fright, O.*

*This fashion, who does e'er pursue,
I think a simple-tony,
For he's a fool, say what you will,
Who is a macaroni.*

Be all that as it may, the macaronis took the old town by storm and caused many a six-bottle man to wonder whether he was taking enough claret to keep sane, more especially when he saw even the clergy having their wigs combed and their clothes cut *à la macaroni*. Dear Horace (Walpole) ascribes their emergence to the great wealth which flowed into certain clearly defined pockets as a result of Clive's conquests in India. "Lord Chatham," he wrote, "begot the East India Company, the East India Company begot Lord Clive, Lord Clive begot the macaronis, the macaronis begot poverty and all the race are still living." And later (1773): "A winter without politics—even our macaronis entertain the town with nothing but new dresses and the size of their nosebags. They have lost all their money and exhausted all their credit and can no longer game for £20,000 a night."

Furrin' Fashions

THE truth was, of course, that the macaronis—the genuine ones, as opposed to the thousands who aped them—were young men whose well-to-do parents had sent them on the Grand Tour and who, after tasting the refinements of the courts of France and Italy violently revolted against the comparative coarseness of London Society. Did it lie in the mouth of Dear Horace to revile them? At this distance we may think not; yet his ghost could very well jerk an accusing thumb in our direction and bid us have the courage of our expressed opinions. "If the macaronis were justified, then your current dress-reformers must be so considered," he might whisper. And add, "Your own age is not without its coarseness, friend, nor yet its lack of manners." This would be wholly true—and it is emphasized by the inelegant public utterances of some who pass as the rulers of this country and who think it not inappropriate to hurl abuse at women.

For this sort of thing there can be no excuse. There is no reason (that I know of) why a Socialist should not remain a gentleman. Indeed, this is surely inherent in the creed, is it not?

Unlicked as Cubs

WHY then do these silly fellows lapse into rudeness and thus affront the decent instincts of every citizen, whatever his political views and beliefs? Do they hope thereby to curry favour with the less affluent and throw themselves into high relief as protectors of the poor and the down-trodden? If so, they are in grave error—as mayhap they will discover. The qualities of a gentleman (they must be told) are not possessed by any one section of this nation, the rich least of all. It seems to me that the Prime Minister could do worse than take half an hour off from his labours and deliver a stiff lecture to those of his team who persistently abuse the ordinary code of ethics which he and the rest of the country believe in; better still, he might dismiss them from office. None would be the loser thereby, and, departing, they should be reminded of the dictum of Marcus Aurelius:

He is the best bred man and the truest gentleman who takes leave of the world without a stain on his scutcheon, and with nothing of falsehood and dissimulation, of luxury or pride, to tarnish his reputation."

Lively Broadsheet

I AM delighted to see that *Cherwell*, the magazine of the undergraduates of Oxford, is back in circulation. True it is by no means a masterpiece of technical production and its editors could, perhaps, have drawn some benefit to themselves and the journal by a closer study of Updike's *Printing Types* within the covers of which lies much wisdom and knowledge. Nevertheless, any printed word is better than none at all (as this scribe once sourly remarked of the *Teheran Daily News*) and *Cherwell* does, in fact, contain much good stuff—including three hitherto unpublished trifles of Oscar Wilde, and a thundering good letter from Tom Harrison which begins: "There are plenty of young men and women with potential guts and brains in Oxford. For heaven's sake use them. Oxford needs a wider sense of values, a new vision and direct personal knowledge. Go to Alaska, go to the Gold Coast, go to Hell, go anywhere different and exciting and new. Go for six months and live in the country and not on the country. Talk at Hyde Park Corner. Spend nights in the East End. Never swallow anything or anyone before you know exactly what you are swallowing. . . ."

Harrison should know what he is talking about. He was in Borneo first with the University expedition and went back there in 1945 (with the aid of a parachute) as a soldier.

This last fact makes it harder to criticize the concluding part of his letter, in which he says, "The quality of unreality that existed in Oxford in my day has altered. People have now become unreal. They are all being so respectable and hard-working and good, that they are losing sight of the fact that Oxford is not a training college. I know all the difficulties and pressure on ex-Servicemen and others nowadays. But I cannot altogether sympathize. I think they have gone too far. . . ."



It seems to me that Harrison is worrying unduly. The whole remains indubitably greater than the part. And was there ever an old boy who did not think the new boy sadly lacking in the arts and graces of yesterday?

Romance—Alaska—Soup

HE says he cannot help "mourning the death of romance, rudery and farce, those lost causes for which Oxford was so long a treasured sanctuary, and which play such a vital part in the guts and initiative of Britain." This is altogether too much. Utter annihilation of the human race can alone kill romance since it is an integral part of man. Rudery I am agin, anyhow (I take it we are talking the same language here) and farce is indestructible—even at Oxford. However, I am all for forthright expressions of views and opinions and loathe milk and water as much as Harrison does; but then I've been to the Gold Coast, have talked at Hyde Park Corner and have spent many nights in the East End. Only Alaska is missing from the curriculum advised (although I think Giarabub Oasis in mid-summer might be a fair swop). It was at this hot spot athwart the Egyptian-Libyan border deep in the Western Desert, that I swore never to take soup again.

One does not come to a decision of this sort without good reason. It will be enough if I state that I there ate soup which had been prepared by an Indian cook (in private life he was, I gathered, a railway porter) and in which he had used local water having the most drastic aperient qualities. My host was a General who, rightly, did not care to have his meal interrupted. Of that aspect, no more. But I am now to state that the aversion is gone and the oath repealed; this because a dear friend has given me, as a present, a copy of Escoffier's monumental *A Guide to Modern Cookery*. Ah, friends, read this as you would a novel and you will never eat again, for the delights that Escoffier presents are not now of

this world. On soup: "I shall not make any lengthy attempt here to refute the arguments of certain autocrats of the dinner-table who, not so many years ago, urged the total abolition of soups. I shall only submit to their notice the following quotation from Grimod de la Regnière, one of our most illustrious gastronomists—'Soup is to a dinner what the porch or gateway is to a building'—that is to say, it must not only form the first portion thereof, but it must be so devised as to convey some idea of the whole to which it belongs; or, after the manner of an overture in a light opera, it should divulge what is to be the dominant phrase of the melody throughout."

Words Without Songs

JUSTIN RICHARDSON, that supreme example of hope eternal in the human breast, sends me the following lines:

PASTORALE: Geog.

As Barnstaple is Barum
And Salisbury is Sarum,
Are Balisbury and Sarnstaple permissible, and when?
Since Bedfordshire is Beds
It puzzles people's headfordshire
That Oxfordshire is Oxon and not Oxs (or Oxen).
Do Scotsmen in Devizes wear their kiltshire?
Do Englishmen wear pampshire when in Hants?
And, though it's true that Wilts is short for Wiltshire,
Is pantaloonsshire right for longish pants?
Are horsemen down in Shropshire
Always riding at a ghropshire?
If Glasgow breeds Glaswegians are Norwegians
"Norgae" men?
But the question that I reckon
Is the toughest one is Brecknock—
I'll leave that to some abler pensylvania (long for pen).

George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Dr. Bohuslav
G. Kratochvil, the
Czechoslovak Amba-
sador

FROM a drawer in the table at the back of his austere study, opposite the grounds of Buckingham Palace, the new Czechoslovak Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, His Excellency Dr. Bohuslav Guth Kratochvil, takes out a small but bulky envelope. In it are tiny notes, and a Christmas card, with words in English.

Putting his right hand on the contents of the packet he says, slowly, with controlled emotion, "I am prouder of these than of my degree."

"These" are letters from Germans, Britons, Americans, Italians, and, of course, Czechs and Slovaks, thanking him for kindnesses to fellow-prisoners of the Gestapo during the endless years of waiting for novel tortures or merciful death in hellish Waldheim.

Perhaps the prize note is from an American colonel, who wrote, "Who has sent you my way? You are the first stranger who has helped me." Among the ambassadors at St. James's, Dr. Kratochvil is the first underground worker for democracy who boldly challenged the Nazis, day and night, at the risk of his life. Son of a village teacher, he studied under his father in Bohemia till he was ten, then went to Charles University, Prague. Shortly afterwards he was invited to Masaryk University, Brno, to assist the professor of philosophy.

AFTER serving his term in the army as a private soldier, he was in the Ministry of Education as a specialist on adult teaching for thirteen years. In March, 1939, when Hitler raped the republic, Kratochvil led an essential underground group in Prague, and elsewhere. In December, 1939, came tragedy, for a fellow conspirator's note about the hiding of documents went astray. Dr. Kratochvil was rushed off to the dreadful prison Pankrac, the scene of refined cruelties, outside lovely Prague. (Here, in 1945, the butcher of Lidice, Governor Karl H. Frank told me, one year before his execution there, that the long-suffering Czechs were harsh enough to make him dust his cell every day.)

Dr. Kratochvil was moved by the Gestapo from the Pankrac to Berlin, for greater safety, but he continued, nevertheless, to maintain regular and frequent contact with prisoners in Prague. Messages were sent to London, and from London came back instructions. Information was typed on a foolscap sheet. This was photographed, and a negative, the size of a postage stamp, was hidden in packages containing machine tools bound for Rumania, Turkey and Sweden.

AGAIN someone erred, Kratochvil was discovered, and after trial he heard the sentence of eight years' solitary incarceration in Zughaus. Later, in Waldheim, he told the governor that he knew Berlin had fallen and the prisoners must now be released. The hitherto proud director agreed, and even provided five trucks to take four hundred detainees. In a country without trains Kratochvil arranged, two days later, when Russians and Americans freed the area, to run to resurgent Prague a "special" with eight hundred men and one hundred and fifty women prisoners.

There is little likelihood of the Czechoslovak Embassy in London losing any of its high importance in years to come, for the ancient republic of fifteen million craftsmen in wool, glass, china, mines, stands near the heart of Europe, and the battle of West and East for its political colour will long go on. It is well that a man of Kratochvil's heroic resolution should represent the republic in London.



DRIVING DOWN THE MALL

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester and Prince William, the Duchess's five-year-old son, driving in an open carriage through the Mall on their way to the first Trooping of the Colour since the war



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Somerset Maugham's cynical and witty dialogue and Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This Naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Clegg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

The Man from the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the gilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

Edward My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Play by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Allenby and Frederick Leister.

Pygmalion (Lyric, Hammersmith). Alec Clunes as Professor Higgins and Brenda Bruce as Eliza Doolittle in a revival of Shaw's famous comedy.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley philosophizes on marriage in a series of stylish charades, and Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans play many parts delightfully.

The Play's the Thing (St. James's). Molnar's amusing comedy with Clive Brook, Michael Shepley and Claud Allister.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

Worm's Eye View (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Gabrielle Brune and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

Twelfth Night (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Honer and Kynaston Reeves.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new musical operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie, Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

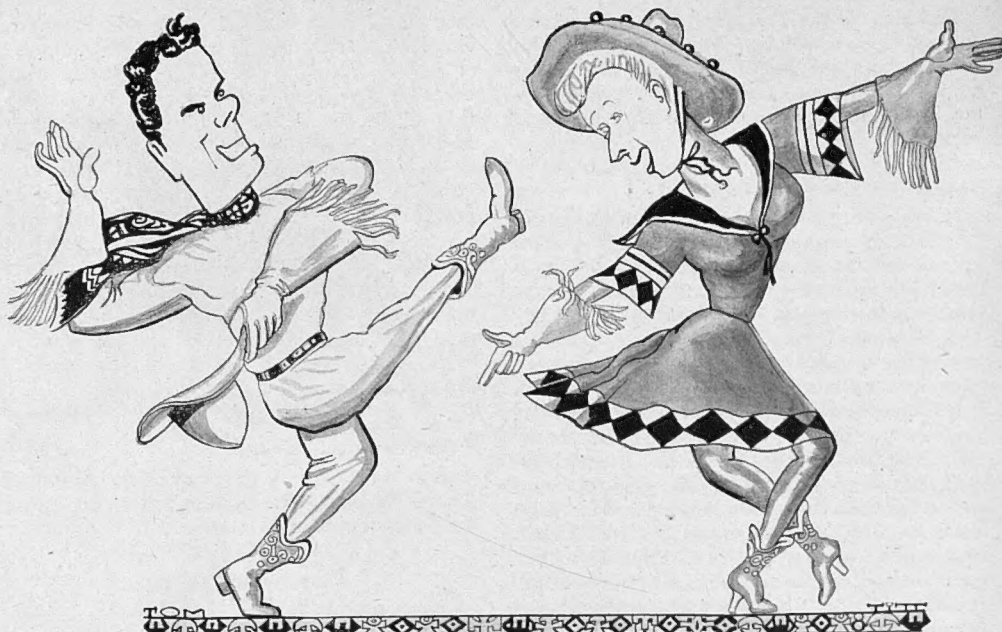
Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

The Bird-Seller (Palace). This charming operetta about romantic complications at the court of an Empress has Richard Tauber conducting, Irene Ambrus, James Etherington, Adele Dixon and Douglas Byng singing.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.



Young Lovers Tommy Keeler and Winnie Tate (Irving Davies and Wendy Toye) for whom the course of true love does not always run so smoothly



Frank Butler (Bill Johnson), split-second sharpshooter in Buffalo Bill's travelling show, can more than hold his own against Annie

At the

"Annie, Get Your Gun"

ANOTHER monster musical import from America. Really, we islanders must pull up our socks in this matter of musical comedy, get zippier or bust. It has been acclaimed as the equal of *Oklahoma!*, but though its lyrics are at least as good and it has oodles of punch and exuberance it still lacks the extreme polish, the last exciting touch of the earlier arrival.

The slight but important difference may be accounted for by the fact that the company, though headed by two American stars and produced by Miss Helen Tamarisk, is mainly English. However this may be, the Coliseum stage has not the unity of movement achieved at Drury Lane, and the episodes between the songs and spectacles are taken too slowly. With this reservation, I have nothing but praise for the show.

THE plot, which is concerned with such semi-legendary figures as little Annie Oakley, the sharpshooter from the backwoods, and Buffalo Bill, the showman, combines naturally and attractively with the music of Irving Berlin to express native American exuberance. Everything has something of a kick, but it is an exuberantly good natured kick.

The story itself is pretty well summarized in the title of a single lyric: "You can't get a man with a gun." Annie can get anything else with her gun, and so Buffalo Bill snaps her up for his Wild West Show, but the man she intends to get happens to be the show's crack sharpshooter and Annie, deeply as she adores him, insists on professional supremacy.



Indian Interlude Annie Oakley (Dolores Gray) gets initiated into the tribe of Chief Sitting Bull (John Garside), a rather overwhelming business

Sketches by
Tom Tilt

Theatre

"Gun" (Coliseum)

This little snag in the course of true love is obviously good for three hours of song and dance. And Mr. Irving Berlin is at his most singable. Is "Show Business" a better song than "My Defences are Down;" "I'm an Indian too," better than "The Girl that I Marry"? I cannot say, but you will certainly have plenty of opportunities to judge for yourselves.

The Wild West show business, whether carried on in Pullman cars, steamers, hotels, ballrooms, or in the big tent itself, lends itself naturally to spectacle, and the dancing of a Red Indian number recalls the glories of *Rose Marie*.

ANNIE is a part clearly designed for the dynamic Miss Ethel Merman, but Miss Dolores Gray makes it her own with complete certainty. She plays the raucous child of nature with cheerful sympathy, she is exceedingly pretty and her points are made with an exactness which helps us to believe in the exactness of her shooting. Mr. Bill Johnson, also an American, possesses the physique of a boxer, a pleasing baritone voice and an agreeable personality. The two of them carry the show, though they get skilful help from Mr. John Garside as Chief Sitting Bull.

Miss Tamarisk succeeds in keeping the stage consistently alive with colour and music, and not the least of the evening's pleasures is to observe how when pace is required it is gained without any loss of smoothness. There are moments, certainly, when *Annie, Get Your Gun* fairly holds its own with *Oklahoma*!

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Annie (Dolores Gray) that crack shot cutie from the backwoods, who can get everything with her gun except the man she loves

BACKSTAGE



THERE has been some talk of late about the scarcity of good new plays but Norman Marshall, now directing affairs for Alec Clunes at the Arts Theatre, where Simon Gantillon's *Maya* will be the next production, says that to describe it as a famine is "absolute nonsense." "Surely," he remarked to me, "the little theatres have proved the belief to be unfounded," and he points to such plays as *Pick-Up Girl*, *Now Barabbas*, *The Eagle Has Two Heads* and *No Room at the Inn* as notable examples of what they have discovered.

The prospect of having to find another nine plays to fill his twelve months' term at the Arts does not dismay him, but he believes that it requires energy to discover them. He is a great believer, too, in the idea of commissioning plays from established or promising authors, a policy which he practised with considerable success at the Gate before the war. Such plays as *Oscar Wilde*, *Mr. Gladstone* and *Boys in Brown* were all the result of that system.

Four playwrights are at present working on plays which he has commissioned for the Arts. "It is simply necessary for a dramatist to draft a rough synopsis for the manager's approval," he says, "and he is then in a position to get down to work with the comforting thought that his play is practically certain of subsequent production." And he adds this advice: "Young authors should go to the theatre night after night to learn their job, sitting with the public and observing their reactions."

NOEL COWARD's new play *Peace in Our Time*, which opens at Brighton on July 15, a week before coming to London, will be in a more serious vein than most of his plays, for I gather that it draws a picture of what might have happened had the Germans invaded England in 1940.

Alan Webb is directing the production under the supervision of the author and the cast will include Elspeth March (Mrs. Stewart Granger), Bernard Lee, Beatrice Varley, Olaf Pooley and Maureen Pook. Several of these players are drawn from the cast of *Power Without Glory* to which, during its recent all too brief run at the Fortune, Coward gave such a glowing testimonial.

Coward, by the way, is leaving the cast of *Present Laughter* at the Haymarket, and his role on July 14 will be taken over by Hugh Sinclair, who has been holidaymaking in Cornwall.

TO rival *The Voice of the Turtle* another three-character play may shortly be seen in London in *Western Wind*, by actress-producer Charlotte Francis who tells me that she wrote it before she knew anything about John Van Druten's long-running Broadway comedy money-maker.

Miss Francis's play, which I hear is a very moving drama about the return of a long absent soldier soon after VJ-Day, has had a very promising send-off on a tour that opened at Bournemouth. The cast is composed of Helen Shindler, Julian Dallas and Patrick Waddington.

BALLET will form an important feature in Lee Ephraim's musical production *The Chinese Nightingale*, which opens at the Princes next month. Norman Thompson, who has danced so brilliantly during the Covent Garden season, is in the cast.

THERE is some speculation as to what salary Mae West will command when she appears in her production of *Diamond Lill* due in London, probably, in the autumn. Author-producer-manager Gordon Courtney tells me that ten years ago, when he was connected with the management of the Prince of Wales Theatre, she refused an offer of £1,000 a week because she was then committed to films.

WHEN the D'Oyly Carte company opens its four-weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera at Sadler's Wells on July 21, *H.M.S. Pinafore* will be restored to the repertory. It has not been played since 1940, when the costumes and scenery of the production were destroyed during a raid.

Beaumont Kent.

Youngman Carter

At The Pictures

Back to the Land



Googie Withers as the disturbingly attractive woman farmer of Edwardian days in "The Loves of Joanna Godden"

IN the middle of *Dual Alibi*, now at the Pavilion, Mr. Marcel Poncin, appearing in the character of a French lawyer, brews himself a light snack on a spirit-stove in his office. Whilst thus engaged he administers to one and all such a sharp lesson in the art of acting that no one can be surprised when the leading man leaps at his throat and concludes the unbalanced episode almost before

It is a country tale, set in Romney Marsh in the early years of this century. Joanna, the central character, is a strong-minded young woman who inherits a sheep farm and decides to run it herself despite the shocked warnings of her conventional neighbours. She makes mistakes and learns several of the sharp lessons which the soil is apt to teach its masters. Her heart, too, leads her a plaguery little old dance, for her first love dies tragically and the second string marries her pampered and worthless sister, creating a deal of trouble before the pair of them come to their senses.

MICHAEL BALCON, the producer, has assembled a sound workaday team to bring all this to life, as is his very laudable habit. The farmhouse interiors for example, are utterly convincing; the ceilings are low, the rooms human and individual and of a likely size: one suspects that the pump in the corner of the kitchen needs a new washer. Ealing Studios were always good at this sort of thing, and this is their nicest craftsmanship to date.

As for the open air, here is England recorded royally; here the camera-man stakes a claim to be given a place alongside the poet and the painter. To the grave beauty of this procession of sun and cloud, furrow and pasture, Dr. Vaughan Williams has wedded some notable music. Particularly lovely is the slow passage for strings as the sunlight caresses Joanna asleep by the sea.

It is to the credit of this film that it is not easy to consider the cast as actors: no one, thank God, is up from Mummerset, and it is genuinely difficult to remember that these are skilled players and not the country-folk they represent so vividly. All the minor characters have their own gawky reality, and Mr. Chips Rafferty performs some major miracles with a sheepdog who is not named in the credit lines but certainly deserves to be. Mr. Edward Rigby's Stuppeny is probably the richest of these studies. To hear the old man recounting his dream of an elusive pint of beer, with one eye on the audience and the other on the main chance, is as good as coming into the four-ale after a long day's cricket on the green.

Ethel Coleridge, as the lighthouse keeper's wife, runs him pretty close. Her brief appearance through a suspiciously half-opened door is the epitome of the countryman's reaction to all "foreigners."

The leads are all more than adequate. Miss Googie Withers, an elegant Joanna, has in general all the gifts necessary to her profession, in particular a quite entrancing intelligence which gives point and reality to every role she creates.

No one seeing her performance in, say, *Private Lives* would have exclaimed, "Here is the ideal actress for the part of a hard-working farmer's daughter!" Yet Miss Withers makes the wench tough, credible and, despite some of her clothes, exceedingly attractive. She is a joy to eye and ear; may she never be marked "For export only."

As Martin Trevor, Joanna's first love, Mr. Derek Bond is handsome enough to win any Edwardian heroine's heart, whilst Mr. Henry Mollison as his father displays all the proper wiles of the sporting blackguard of the day.

Jean Kent makes a pretty little vixen of Ellen, the sister on whom Joanna lavishes so much affection and so little practical attention, while Mr. John McCallum, portraying Arthur Alce, the neighbouring farmer who at long last wins the girl for whom he was obviously intended, brings to the part just the right mixture of clumsiness, solidity and pathos.

On the debit side, a few extra touches of humour would have made the meal more digestible and some of the gruesome foot-and-mouth details could very well be deleted, thereby assisting the speed of the story and the stomachs of the squeamish.

But here at least is a modest, competent achievement, which has probably cost less than a third of its nearest English rival.

IT is well within our compass to make films of this type. The expensive efforts of other countries to compete in this field are often laughable and, not infrequently, sickening. Hollywood yokels are as fustian and unlikely as our own charades depicting habitués of the *Bistro* and the *Bûche de Noël*.

Applause, therefore, for Mr. Balcon and his director, Charles Frend, for scoring freely on a wicket they really understand—for sticking to cricket, in fact, and not trying to pretend it's baseball or *le cyclisme*.

And whilst we are on the subject, why not a film of Mr. R. C. Sherrieff's *Badger's Green*?

The villain, it will be remembered, repented in the last act of his scheme to turn the village into a glorified red-brick dormitory. With a little modernization, perhaps Mr. Lewis Silkin could be persuaded to accept the role.

the director can cry, "Cut!"

Indeed the trouble is that M. Poncin has been allowed to appear at all, for his brief vignette is so vivid and witty that it underlines the fatuity of the whole depressing business; *Dual Alibi* is a turgid little melodrama of circus life which is supposed to take place largely in France. Not that anyone, except perhaps M. Poncin, is deceived even for a moment; two hoots on a motor horn don't make a boulevard. The pity is that the directors have not been persuaded to keep to their own genre, which is certainly not this story about *Loterie Nationale* tickets. Georges Simenon did this much better in *Monsieur la Souris*. And studies of Continental circus performers backstage were perfected long since in *Gens du Voyage*.

These are matters they handle better in France, and anyone who doubts it should cast his mind back to Mme Rosay's purchase of a lion. That was something which would have brought a whiff of the menagerie's sawdust to a lecturer on economics. We might as well admit it and stick to our Southdowns.

THIS is precisely what Ealing Studios have done when filming Sheila Kaye-Smith's novel *Joanna Godden* now at the New Gallery. True they have re-christened it *The Loves of Joanna Godden*, but the story, with its long, deep breaths of Dymchurch air, is essentially the same and no one need be disturbed by this inexpensive genuflection to the box office.

Play Personalities (No. 1)

JAMES AGATE

James Agate has, with untoward suddenness, left us. Only a few days previously he had consented to pose for the first of a series of portrait-montages by Angus McBean of eminent men of the theatre, to be peculiarly expressive of the character and achievements of each. It would have been small tribute to so vigorous and resonant a personality to suppress his last portrait—which this is—because of the nearness of his loss. And so he still takes pride of place at the head of the series, at ease in his favourite armchair, with the symbols of eclectic living to hand and, for background, an old playbill of the period in which he was born, a document as clear and emphatic in statement as he was himself

MR. VINING'S THEATRE

LICENSED BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO

MR. VINING.

(ACTUAL & RESPONSIBLE MANAGER,) UPPER MONTAGUE STREET, RUSSELL SQUARE.

MONDAY, MARCH 25th, 1867, and during the Week,
The Performances will commence at SEVEN with a FARCE, by W. BROUGH, Esq., entitled

NO. 1, ROUND THE CORNER.

Flipper, Mr. J. G. SHORE, Nobbler, Mr. H. FORRESTER,
Jem, Mr. ANDREWS, Second Floor Lodger, Mr. BENTLEY.

AFTER WHICH,

At a Quarter to Eight,
WILL BE
REVIVED,
FOR THE
141ST TIME,

The ORIGINAL DRAMA, in Four Acts, taken from his Popular Novel, and entitled

IT IS

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND

CHARLES
SCENERY

The Original Drama

Directed by

Mr. Vincent

George Flett

Jem, Jack, Carter, Groom, Susan Merton, Mr. WALL, Mr. LAW, Mr. SWEN, Mr. TRES, Miss KATI
Servants, Villagers, Savages, Policemen, Prisoners, Bridesmen, Bridesmaids, &c., &c.

In the course of the evening will be played Mr. CHARLES HALL's QUADRANT
TOO LATE TO MEND," Published by Messrs. Horwood &

PROGRAMME OF SO
ACT I.

FARM LIFE

THE GROVE FARM

"The old house at home where my forefathers lived"

ACT II

PRISON LIFE

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here"

MR. MEADOWS' STORY

HALL OF THE PRISON

THE

CORRIDOR

"Too Late to Mend"

ACT III

THE PRISON

Shepherd's house, burning scene

U

ACT IV

THE PRISON

ACT V

THE PRISON

ACT VI

THE PRISON

ACT VII

THE PRISON

ACT VIII

THE PRISON

ACT IX

THE PRISON

ACT X

THE PRISON

ACT XI

THE PRISON

ACT XII

THE PRISON

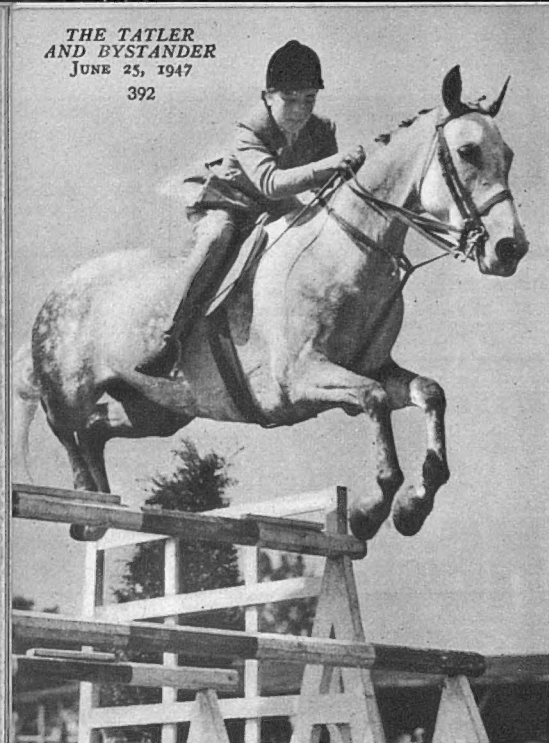
ACT XIII

THE PRISON

ACT XIV

THE PRISON

MR. CHARLES VERNER,
MR. RICHARD THORNE,
MR. R. C. THORNE,
MR. J. C. THORNE,
MR. J. C. THORNE,



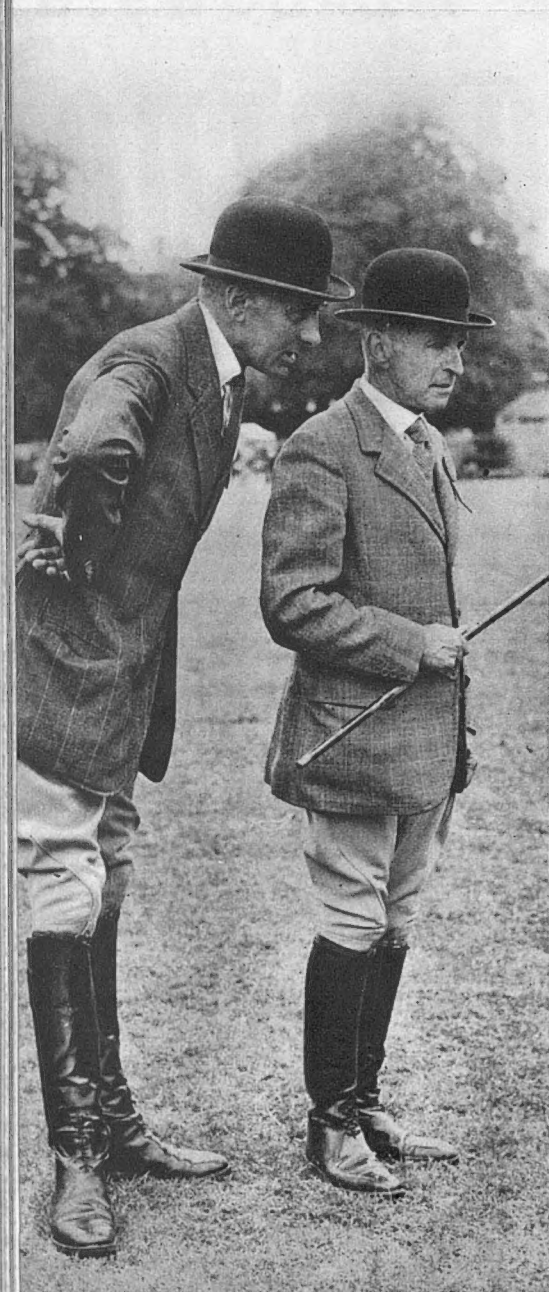
Pat Moss clears the bar with plenty to spare on Silver Leaf of White Cloud in the Children's Jumping



Seven happy young competitors: The Hon. Mary Curzon and her sister Jennifer, Anne Vincent, Anne Sims, Felicite Phillips, Anthony Cuff and Gillian Cuff

THE RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE

After Eight Years' Interval, 1947 Breaks



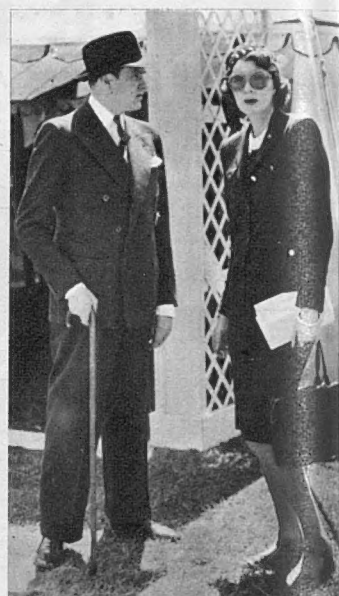
Viscount Knutsford and Capt. Guy Lucas go over a horse's points while judging the hunter classes



Mr. and Mrs. Taylor with their daughters, Gillian and Audrey, who have won over 600 prizes



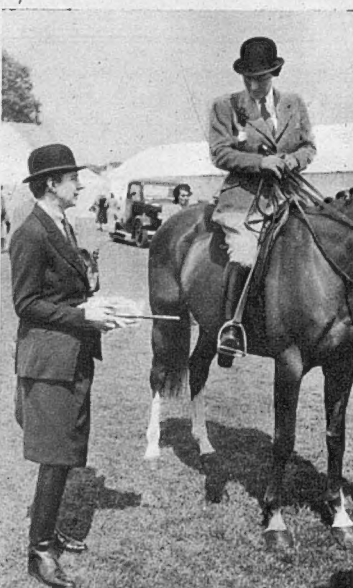
The Marchioness of Cambridge and her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, were among the visitors



Lady Ursula Vernon, daughter of the Duke of Westminster, and her husband, Mr. Stephen Vernon



The Hon. Mrs. George Ward, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill and the Hon. Roland Cubitt



Countess Fortescue, one of the Ladies' Hacks judges, and Miss Sybil Smith



Miss Carola Howard discussing the events with Miss Vera Holden



Entrants in the Ladies' Side-Saddle class parading for the final judging. Some classes had to have a preliminary judging outside the ring in order to keep up to schedule



Miss Daphne Agelasto, winner of the Children's Ponies up to 12 Hands class, riding Mrs. Joan Nelson's Winsome

SHOW'S BRILLIANT REVIVAL

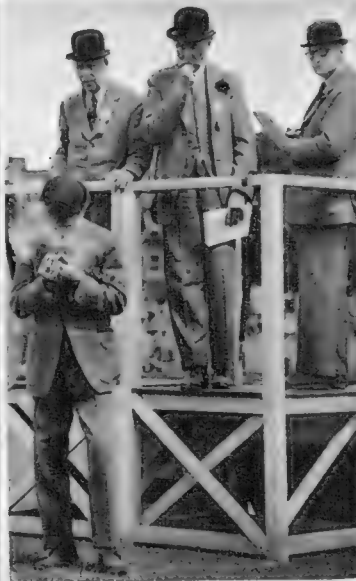
the Record with 1,000 Entries



Lieut.-Col. R. K. Cheisman, of the Life Guards, one of the two Mounted Police judges, and Mrs. J. Cox



The Earl of Athlone, President of the Show, with the Marchioness of Cambridge and her daughter



Col. V. Williams, Lt.-Col. C. T. Wakeyn (judges), Mr. A. R. Kent and Capt. Blackmore (stewards)



The Hon. Mrs. Barbara Baird, O.B.E., and Mrs. R. M. Vaughan, Master of the Albrighton, who judged the Ladies' Hunters



Mrs. H. Coriat with her daughter Jennifer, who competed in the Children's Ponies class



Nine-year-old Jennifer Skelton, adjudged the best child rider, with her pony Picture Play



Mrs. A. C. Raphael with the Vice-President, Sir Archibald Weigall, and Lady Weigall



Mrs. Lewis W. Douglas, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, and her daughter, Sharman, leaving the Embassy



Major-General K. J. Martin, a former A.D.C. to the King, and Mrs. Martin in the Palace grounds



Miss Maxwell Chance wore a delightful lace-edged hat decorated with flowers

Summer Smiles and Charming Dresses — Some of the Guests at the Second Royal

PUNCTUALLY on the stroke of four their Majesties, the King in naval uniform and the Queen in a dress and hat of lavender blue, came out on to the lawns of Buckingham Palace for the second Presentation Garden Party. They were accompanied by H.M. Queen Mary, in fawn, Princess Elizabeth, also in fawn, and Princess Margaret, in an attractive dress of apricot silk with a small white spot, the same material trimming her hat. Also in the Royal party were T.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and the Duchess, who wore an attractive coat of flame-coloured crepe with short sleeves over her biscuit-coloured dress, and a large hat, the Earl of Athlone with Princess Alice, and Princess Marie Louise.

Before the Royal party divided to mingle with the guests, many members of the *Corps Diplomatique*, who were accompanied by their wives, made their bows and curtsies to their Majesties. Among these I noticed the new American Ambassador, Mr. Lewis Douglas, and his attractive wife, who was in a navy-and-white imprime suit, and their debutante daughter, Sharman, who is already such a tremendous success among the younger set over here, in bright yellow and a little white hat. Mme. Verduynen, the gracious and tall wife of the Netherlands Ambassador, looking chic in grey, accompanied her husband. Mme. Ruegger, also looking extremely chic in a peacock-blue silk dress, was there with the Swiss Minister. Many guests were admiring her fascinating transparent shoes, which were made for her in Italy.

THERE were several members of the Swiss Legation and their wives at the party. These included M. and Mme. de Graffenried, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Rieser, M. and Mme. Aubaret, M. and Mme. Umbricht, M. and Mme. Weibel, M. and Mme. Bircher and M. and Mme. Heimo. The Portuguese Ambassador was in jovial spirits as he greeted friends on his way in to tea. Mr. Waldemar Gallman, Counsellor at the United States Embassy, brought his wife, and others I noticed from this Embassy included Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark and their daughter Ann, Mr. and Mrs. Avory Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Eldred Kuppinger, Mr. and Mrs. David Thomasson, the latter looking very attractive in a dress of exquisite blue silk, Mr. and Mrs. William Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chalker, Mrs. Chalker very pretty in pastel shades, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Jones, who told me they had just returned from a wonderful holiday sailing on the Norfolk Broads.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, who was looking charming in grey, was strolling with the Countess of Bessborough, and later in the Royal tea tent I saw Mrs. Churchill with Mr. Churchill, immaculate in a grey morning coat and grey top-hat. He was sitting in a corner chatting to Queen Mary. Also having tea with the Royal party were Lady Jean Rankin, in yellow with a large black hat, and Lt.-Col. Sir Terence Nugent, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Alexander, the latter in pink, Admiral Sir Martin and Lady Dunbar-Nasmith and Lady Annaly.

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL

The long tent, where a delicious tea was served, was crowded with guests meeting their friends. Lady Sybil Phipps, in a pretty red-and-white print, brought her two daughters: Eileen, the elder one, who was in scarlet and wearing dark glasses, has just announced her engagement to Lt.-Col. P. K. Parbury, whom she met while she was out in Australia with her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester. Lady Serena James, looking very attractive in a navy-blue chiffon dress and a hat to match, I saw with her two daughters, Ursula and Fay, the latter a debutante this year. Lady Morgan, widow of Sir Benjamin Morgan, brought her daughter Joscelyn and her brother and sister-in-law, Brig. Christian and Mrs. Fairbank.

THE Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, looking very nice in a gay printed silk dress, brought her only daughter Mary. Mrs. Tom Dearbergh and Mrs. Eric Pelly I met on the lawns with their daughters, Susan Dearbergh and Rosa Pelly. Two family parties strolling round were Colonel and Mrs. Fenwicke-Clennel, who had come down from their home in Northumberland and brought their elder daughter Elizabeth, one of the prettiest girls present, and Col. and Mrs. Nigel Weatherall, who brought their only daughter Anne, who looked sweet in red. The Countess of Halifax I saw with her new daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Wood, and the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan. Major Gerard Leigh accompanied his wife. Lady Shakespeare I met, also Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, Baroness Burton, who is not often down from her Scottish home now, Mr. Charles Taylor, M.P., and his wife, Admiral and Mrs. Richard L. Connolly (he is commanding U.S. Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic), Mrs. Cameron Clark and her daughter Rosalie, the Misses Maureen and Denise Lawson Johnston, who are over from New York, Mrs. Francis Miller and her daughter Mary, Mrs. Henry Leeb and Katrina, and the Earl and Countess of Mansfield.

I was very horrified to see that some of the guests seemed suddenly to forget any manners they had ever learnt and stood on their chairs to watch the Royal party assemble for tea, an inexcusable gesture at any party, but quite unforgivable at a Royal Garden Party.

FOR the first time since 1939, his Majesty's official birthday on June 12th was celebrated with something approaching the pomp and circumstance that is properly

associated with the anniversaries of the sovereign head of a great Empire and Commonwealth, and everyone in the Brigade of Guards was delighted at the revival of the traditional Trooping the Colour parade.

His Majesty, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Brigade, takes a close and personal interest in all the activities of his Guards regiments, and he, too, was greatly pleased at the opportunity of reviewing them once more on Horse Guards Parade, especially as this year's ceremony marked Princess Elizabeth's first appearance at a Trooping as Colonel of the Grenadiers. H.R.H., who is taking her position as Colonel and its accompanying responsibilities and duties with great seriousness, had been looking forward for months to assuming her proper place at the head of her regiment on horseback.

FOR the Princess this was a memorable week, as the previous day she had driven alone with her new Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Margaret Seymour, to the Guildhall to receive the Freedom of the City of London. That evening, quite informally accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Margaret, Major Arthur Penn, Lady Margaret Seymour, Major and Mrs. Eric Penn and two other young friends, Princess Elizabeth sat in the stalls at Covent Garden to see the ballet. The King and Queen were also there, in the Royal Box. The Royal family were received on their arrival by Sir John Anderson, chairman of the Trustees of Covent Garden, and Lady Anderson. After the ballet the Princesses and their party went on to the Savoy, where among other guests I noticed the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, the Minister for Ecuador and his tall, attractive wife Mme. Lafronte, Gen. Sir Charles Loyd with his married daughter and a party of friends, and Prince Michael Obolensky with a party of debutantes, including Miss Venetia Fawcus. At other tables were the Aga Khan, the Prince of Berar, Admiral Barry, Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham, and Sir George Sutton with a party.

The following week, for Royal Ascot race-meeting, their Majesties went into residence at Windsor Castle, driving over to the course each day. As in pre-war days, they entertained a small house-party for the week, and guests invited to the Castle included the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, the Earl and Countess of Eldon, young Lord Ogilvy and his sister Lady Griselda Ogilvy, Lord Mildmay of Flete, Sir Richard Molyneux, who was such a familiar



Mrs. and Miss Rivett-Carnac, wife and daughter of Vice-Admiral Rivett-Carnac

Presentation Garden Party at Buckingham Palace

The Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Mary Clare Douglas-Scott-Montagu, sisters of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

Miss Barbara Dewhurst arriving in a striking hat designed in straw and net

JOURNAL

figure at Court in the days of King George V., the Master of Sinclair, and Major and Mrs. J. J. Astor. With members of the Royal family themselves and their staff, the Royal party numbered just over thirty. More about Ascot in my next Journal.

GORHAMBUARY PARK, Lord Verulam's lovely Hertfordshire home, made a wonderful setting for the coming-out dance his sister, Lady Elizabeth Motion, gave for her daughter Joan. Approaching up the two-mile-long drive, it was interesting to know one was on part of the old Roman-built Watling Street, and on arrival it was a superb spectacle to see the lovely house floodlit. You approached up a magnificent flight of steps and through a fine portico, the pediment of which is supported by ten imposing Corinthian columns. The doors were open into the lovely baronial hall, where priceless pictures hang. These were mostly collected by Sir Francis Bacon, who died in 1626, to hang in the original Gorhambury, the ruins of which still remain in the grounds of the present house.

It is rare these days to find such a large collection of treasures still in a private house, for so many collections to-day are in art galleries and museums. Mr. Oswald Birley once said that the group of four Grimstons by Reynolds at Gorhambury was the best he knew. Among other treasures to interest guests between dances was the long strip of carpet framed and hung on the wall behind the buffet in the hall. This is a fine specimen of one of the earliest carpets woven in this country, and was ordered by Sir Francis Bacon for Queen Elizabeth's visit to Gorhambury. For some years it was exhibited in the South Kensington Museum. The magnificent chairs in the library were fascinating, too.

LADY ELIZABETH looked charming in a pale brocade dress with a diamond tiara and jewels, while the heroine of the evening looked enchanting in a white net dress spotted with green, and was a splendid little hostess, indefatigably introducing all the young guests, several hundred of whom danced in the fine ballroom to an excellent band, and pipers of the Scots Guards, who played for the reels. It was sad that Lord Forrester, who had helped his aunt plan the dance and suggested the reels, was not there to enjoy it. He is recovering from a recent serious accident in Portugal.

Among those who were enjoying the dance were Sir Ronald and Lady Cross, who brought their daughter Angela and a party, Lady Ann Lumley, who had dined with her hostess, and Lady Cynthia Colville, who brought her two youngest sons, Philip and Jock. The latter has just been appointed private secretary to H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth.

OTHERS who brought parties included Lady Maud Baillie, Lady Carew-Pole, Lady Eden, Lady Elizabeth Lafone and Lady Mary Naylor jointly, Mrs. Pryor and Mme. Bohn. Among those I noticed dancing were Mrs. Beatrice Girouard, Miss Hermione Cassel, Miss Elizabeth Grimston, Miss Raine McCorquodale, Miss Sharman Douglas, whom I noticed dancing a reel very well, Mr. Naylor Leyland, Major Norman Fraser, Mr. Christopher Headlam, Col. Henry Lenanton, Miss Juliet Ponsonby, Capt. Fred Hall, whose home is near Boston, U.S.A., the Hon. "Bea" Stourton, Miss Constable-Maxwell, Mr. Gavin Welby, and the Hon. Mrs. Robert Grimston, in white. She and her husband live in part of Gorhambury with their two little daughters, who were allowed to come down to see the fun for ten minutes, looking very sweet in their pink dressing-gowns, and enjoyed an ice-cream each.

THE Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House, which is open until Friday next, June 27th, ought not to be missed. It is full of the most wonderful treasures. Each stand seemed to me more exciting than the last when I went round after Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone had declared the fair open.

At the opening I met Lady Hamond-Graeme, whom I later saw chatting to Sir George and Lady Franckenstein; Lord and Lady Errington, who were making enquiries about furniture at several stands; and Mrs. Jimmy Rank, who knows a lot about good furniture and has collected some lovely pieces and pictures both at Ouborough, their Surrey home, and Druids Lodge, in Wiltshire. Viscountess Vaughan, looking cool and attractive in a candy-stripe dress, was going round the exhibition with her mother, Mrs. Macaulay. Effie Lady Selsdon was hurrying off to the farewell luncheon she had arranged for the retiring Greek Ambassador.

I WENT on from here to see the Hon. Mrs. Earl's charming exhibition of pictures in Bourdon Street. This is also open until the end of this week, closing on the 28th. She is showing a delightful pastel study of H.M. the Queen, who has lent the picture for the exhibition, a pastel of Lord and Lady Lothian's little daughter Mary, and a very good likeness of Mr. John Winant. Two clever studies in oils are her "Flower Seller" and "Hampshire Type." This exhibition has been held to raise funds for, and promote interest in, the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, an institution very dear to the heart of the artist, who has just resigned from being an official prison visitor for eight years.



Miss Bridget Lakin, only child of Mr. Cyril Lakin, formerly M.P. for the Llandaff and Barry Division of Glamorganshire, and Mrs. Lakin

Miss Joan Motion's

COMING-OUT DANCE

Held at Gorhambury, the Earl of Verulam's
Beautiful Ancestral Home near St. Albans



Lady Anne Lumley, who is the third of the Earl and Countess of Scarborough's four daughters, and Mr. Naylor Leyland. Gorhambury was built in 1778 by the third Viscount Grimston



Mr. Fitzherbert Brockholes and Miss Susan Cave sitting out in one of the rooms in the Earl of Verulam's lovely old house. Lord Verulam was abroad on his farm in South Africa, which he visits every summer



Guests at supper, which was served at a buffet in the baronial hall. Among those in the assembly were Miss Joan Motion, niece of the Earl of Verulam, for whom the ball was given by her mother Lady Elizabeth Motion, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Patricia Stourton, son and daughter of Lord Mowbray, Mr. Gavin Welby and Miss Angela Cross



Mr. Reginald Seconde, Miss Juliet Ponsonby, Mr. Christopher Headlam and Miss Angela Cross were observing the festivities from the gallery. Gorhambury is full of works of art. Among many fine pictures are works by Vandyke and Reynolds. The family own many of the actual receipts received from Vandyke for the pictures he painted of several of their ancestors



Miss Joan Motion and her mother, Lady Elizabeth Motion, who is a sister of the Earl of Verulam



The Hon. Mrs. John Grimston, wife of Lord Verulam's younger son, and her daughters, Elizabeth and Hermione.



Mrs. Tom Barnard and Mr. Geoffrey Raynar standing at the top of the flight of steps by the main entrance

Self-Profile

Audrey Mildmay
Christie

by

Audrey Mildmay Christie



Vivienne

The Glyndebourne Opera represents one of the few entirely successful achievements of an ideal in our time. Much of its success is due to the fact that Mrs. Christie, wife of the founder, is a distinguished singer in her own right, and her amusing description of the Opera's inception will be of deep interest to all music-lovers

SELF-PROFILE! What an alarming prospect. It is one thing to sit in the firelight swapping stories of one's life with one's friends, and quite another to translate such anecdotes into cold print.

Some years ago one of my two children suddenly asked me, "Mummy, were you just a little girl when Daddy married you?" which started off the stories children love: Of how, as a little girl, I lived on the western coast of Canada, beyond the great and beautiful range of the Rocky Mountains; of my wild and care-free childhood, with not even a memory of the England where I had been born.

Stories of my varied and chequered school life; of my first visit to a circus, aged three, when I firmly decided that my grown-up life was to be as a silver-spangled circus-rider riding a creamy horse with billowing mane and tail; of my first visit to a theatre with my father to see the great American actress Julia Marlow in *Twelfth Night*. Never was such wonder and enchantment engendered in the heart of a twelve-year-old. The spangles and the great circus tent were submerged in the dreams of how to speak those enthralling lines—how to carry one's fellow-beings into such a world of one's own creation.

I THEN took to reading plays, writing plays and dragging less-than-half-interested friends in to take part, bullying them mercilessly all the while. Their greatest efforts never came up to my expectations! This led to a passion for playing the piano, for which I had but the sketchiest training. Every spare moment found me "strumming," as my parents called it. From piano to singing. My poor family! Never a moment's quiet in our wooden-built house. I often wonder what would have been my final choice had I been left to my own devices, and to what extent the course of my life might have been altered by that choice.

As it was, a teacher of singing in Vancouver heard me and insisted that I be trained as a singer. As a result, I gave my first public recital at the age of eighteen, and had sufficient success in singing leading roles in the Opera School performances to be sent to England to continue my training, where my relations dissuaded me from going to the Continent, as I had hoped, and I settled down in London to a feast of concerts and theatres, in addition to lessons: lessons in all the things appertaining to the preparation of an operatic singer.

My first job in London, though insignificant, filled my heart with joy. The Howard de Waldens were putting on an operetta with "Edwina" in the leading part, and they engaged me as her understudy. "Edwina" had had a considerable career in opera in

France, and had always been an emblem to me, as she, too, had originally hailed from Vancouver. Then followed a variety of engagements of one sort and another; finally one with *The Beggar's Opera*, which took me touring in the U.S.A. and Canada for many months, and twice carried me back to my beautiful West Coast and my parents.

THIS was followed by several seasons of English touring with the Carl Rosa. It was during this time that I became engaged to my husband. (At this point the listening children's eyes would grow round with interest.) "Mummy, where were you married and did you have lots of little bridesmaids?"—and I had to admit that we were married very quietly in the beautiful little Somerset village of Queen Camel, where my father's family had lived since the days of Elizabeth, when that determined Queen was said to have exchanged Hazlegrove House—for centuries the Dower House of the Queens of England—for Sir Walter Mildmay's house in Northamptonshire, which she coveted. We were married quietly, as it was shortly after the death of my beloved uncle, Major George St. John Mildmay, in whose house I had made my English home.

Married—my life really began to hum! How well I remember my consternation when, on returning from our operatic honeymoon abroad, my husband, one hot summer's evening, walked me round the kitchen-garden

explaining his long-cherished plan to build a model opera house there in the kitchen garden. I remember chortling inwardly at the notion of the title "Kitchen Garden Opera" versus "Covent Garden Opera"! However, outwardly I rather selfishly fought the idea: not yet knowing my husband's capacity to "bring things off," I imagined my budding operatic career becoming confined to what I feared might be a succession of parish room performances.

AFTER heroic efforts on my part to stop the plans for building, I woke one morning to see a troop of workmen digging up the lawn preparatory to laying the foundations! The building of the theatre gave my husband enormous interest and cause for much study and planning, in the course of which we travelled to most of the best-equipped stages on the Continent, not only to hear and see their performances, but to inspect all the latest and most efficient equipment, the result of which was the construction of the now well-known Glyndebourne stage, which finally incorporated all that was deemed necessary by Carl Ebert, our magnificent producer and artistic director, for the consummation of his stage representations.

These building operations took some years, during which our two children, Rosamond and George, were born, and I managed to continue singing both in England and occasionally on the Continent.

FROM the moment of the digging up of the lawn and my realisation that there was in fact to be a theatre, I concentrated all my energy on the determination that whatever should take place in this building should set ever higher standards in operatic production from both the stage as well as the musical angle. The history of the development of Glyndebourne is too well known for me to repeat the story of its growth in world renown, from its opening in 1934 to the beginning of the war; its occupation by innumerable L.C.C. Nursery School children during the war, and its return to opera last year and again this summer.

What a full and exciting life it has given me! And though sometimes I may perhaps shed a little tear over the circus horse unriden; the Shakespearean roles unplayed; the concertos unlearned and the many operatic parts studied but never sung (in addition to the Susannas, Zerlinas and Norinas which I did perform so often at Glyndebourne), still I feel that my contribution—however small its ratio—has done something towards establishing a new consciousness of the possible heights to which operatic performance can attain, and especially in this England.



Mr. and Mrs. John Christie's two children out riding in the grounds of Glyndebourne



Roland Petit as Jack of Spades and Irène Skorik as Queen of Hearts in "Jeu des Cartes"



A striking pose by Roland Petit and Jean Babilée in "Les Amours de Jupiter"



Against a background of drying laundry Roland Petit and Danielle Darnance dance in the Ballet des Champs-Élysées "Le Bal des Blanchisseuses" at the Winter Garden Theatre

A French Ballet in London



Priscilla in Paris

The Party Was Damp

THE *Semaine de la Rose* hardly proved a bed of roses to the *élégantes* who attended the party held in the rose garden of Bagatelle that was the climax of this "rose week." Too many thorns were hidden in the green foliage. The lowering grey skies dripped water like sodden sponges, while the high wind played havoc with billowing skirts and the immense picture hats that, nowadays, are worn as haloes. Every few minutes the beautiful creatures who wore them had to dash for shelter. In spite of wind and rain, however, Vera Krynova's graceful ballets were very lovely, and the dropping of masses of roses by an aeroplane as it flew over the gardens during the short burst of sunshine showed us what the fête might have been had it only taken place a few days earlier during the heat-wave.

Amongst the guests who braved the March-April weather were: Mme. Kociusko, Mme. Grossin, the Duchesse de Maillé, the Comte and Comtesse de Meausabré, M. and Mme. Henry Kahn, Mme. Willemetz, the Marquise de Polignac, M. and Mme. de la Chapelle, and . . . two charming white-haired ladies, *mesdemoiselles* Valentine and Suzanne, who for fifty years have sold flowers in one of the most famous florist shops of Paris, and who therefore know more about the love-affairs of eminent Parisians than all the gossip writers that ever lived! What thrilling memoirs they could write if, alas, they were not so discreet.

A PRETTY wedding that took place this week at the picturesque little Church of the Annunciation at Passy was that of Mlle. Micheline Soudré and M. Jean Estève. The bride wore a simple frock of heavy white *faille* with a long train, and a plain tulle veil falling from a little Dutch cap trimmed with orange-blossom. There were six tiny bridesmaids, wearing tulle picture frocks, with rosette of tulle, centred with forget-me-nots, in their hair; they were escorted by six little pages, who wore long white satin trousers and *crêpe-de-chine* shirts. They had been beautifully coached and stood through the long choral ceremony without wavering. This was quite a remarkable feat, for small French infants usually have to be removed, in tears, when they are launched out at such affairs.

Another, and very gay, espousal was when Jo married Jo! This happened, during the heat-wave, at the Château de Mirandes, Josephine Baker's spacious and historical domain in the Massif Central, when Josie married Joe Bouillon, the conductor of the famous dance band.

Josephine looked charming and seems to have quite recovered from the long illness and operation that followed on her brilliant war services in Northern Africa, for which she has been awarded the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille de la Résistance.

THE news of James Agate's death has come as a great shock to his many French friends and admirers, who know that France has lost a great friend in that very eminent critic and man of letters. The members of the Comédie Française company that he entertained at his home when they came to London at the time when Pierre Dux was *administrateur*, speak of him with a feeling of deep gratitude for the love he bore to France, the help and advice he gave them, and the many acts of kindness he showed them. It is sad to think of *The Tatler* without his Cinema page, and, saddest of all, to know that there will be no more *Ego*.

I HEAR from Vichy, where the *saison thermale* is in full swing and the notoriously over-worked livers of equally notorious Black Market feeders are being restored for their next year's campaign, that André Roy has added many embellishments to the famous Pavillon d'Art, where such well-known artists as Jean Gabriel Domergue, de Rasky, Van Cauelaert and Pinchon will be having shows in July and August, and various art *causeries* will be given by Prince Paul Mourouzy. The garden in which the Pavillon stands has been opened to the public and will provide a restful haunt between two glasses of the waters that may, perhaps, cheer one by the results they achieve, but that certainly do not inebriate.

Voilà!

● François Perrier, who is having such a success in the revival of the French version of H. M. Harwood's *The Man in Possession*, has three young sons. One day when he was studying his part the youngsters were making a terrible row in the nursery. "What are you up to?" asked François, "you were so good this morning!" "We were playing soldiers then!" answered one of the boys. "And now, what are you playing?" Pat came the answer: "Peace conference, Daddy!"





Mr. A. K. Logue and Miss J. Wennell
by one of the College's famous gateways



Dr. and Mrs. Hansell with Miss J.
Allen and Mr. Wynn-Williams



Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Miller
are amused



Capt. R. Courtney, Miss R. Bland,
D. J. Briggs, Miss N. Grant, & Lt.

MUSIC AND LAUGHTER

1st and 3rd Trinity May Week Ball

Mr. Peter J. Terry and Miss Marina Bessel
find the coolness of weathered masonry refreshing
after the heat of the ballroom



Mr. G. F. Anson and his wife, who wore one
of the most charming dresses



Mr. David Boyd and Miss Pam Hutchinson found the famous
"Backs" an ideal sitting-out place—



Mr. Anthony Robb-Adam and Miss J. Huggett were two of the guests



Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Purchase, Mr. Solet and Miss Barclay Milne made a vivacious quartet



Mr. L. T. Milne, Miss J. Ward, Mr. Peter Davies, Miss Margaret Moylan and Mr. J. B. Chancellor



Mr. F/Lt. John Tate, Miss N. Fringe, Mr. Robert McNamara and Miss Jennifer Turner



Mr. and Mrs. Warburton were also present

IN AN ANCIENT COLLEGE

Brings Many Visitors to Cambridge



—but they were excelled by Mr. Mackean and Miss Gornes, who discovered a convenient punt



Mr. Peter Terry, Mrs. Felix Eyle, Miss Marina Bessel and Mr. T. Pollak are not watching fireworks, but the first signs of dawn

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

NEVER again, alas, shall we make a playful reference in this page to the mystic bowler of James ("Boss") Agate, nor shoo away little actresses gambolling nervously round him, like the nymphs of Arcady round Silenus. Our old friend the Dean of London's theatre-critics will criticise no more.

On one occasion, having the intention of enshrining the Boss's bowler in a long lyric poem, we tried to connect it with his famous Bernhardt-complex. The cross-examination at the Café Royal, of which we kept a rough note, went thus:

"Which came first, the bowler or Bernhardt?"
 "You are evidently not the diligent reader of my *Ego* books you pretend to be."
 "I read practically nothing else."
 "In that case you don't need to be told that I first saw Bernhardt in Manchester in 1886, at the age of 9."
 "In a bowler?"
 "No, she only wore a bowler in *Hamlet*."
 "I see. When did your bowler first impinge, so to speak, on the national consciousness?"
 "Probably in 1919, when I was a tobacconist in the South Lambeth Road."
 "Where customers flocked from north, south, east, and west?"
 "Yes. I was upstairs, writing essays on Sarah."
 "Has it never occurred to you that the bowler is regarded by many sensitive thinkers as a beastly and degraded hat?"
 "Not my bowler."
 "Bernhardt once described it to Sardou as *un chapeau ignoble*."
 "Not my bowler."
 "The public hangman wears one."
 "Not my bowler."

The Boss then waved the whole matter imperiously away and ordered champagne. All work on the Agate Bowler Mystery has now stopped for ever.

*Ludisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti,
 Tempus abire tibi est. . .*

Flop

It is written that as a venerable dervish was sitting half-asleep in the Souk of the Confectioners in Shiraz the poet Sa'di cried to him in passing, "O my father, what use is a dish of roses to a glandered camel?" To which the



dervish replied, "Better a moulting bulbul in Ramadan than a kick from a one-eyed eunuch in the Moon of Peacocks." This conversation ensued:

"Is that the best you can do in the way of a typical Oriental come-back?"
 "Well, it's the best I can think of at such short notice. Why?"
 "Well, I'm collecting a lot of cracks for my forthcoming volume in the 'Lure of the Inscrutable East' series."
 "Good God! Not again?"

The dervish then briefly cursed the poet Sa'di and his publishers and Sa'di departed, saying, "The backchat of the wise is like precious rubies in the Pádishah's turban, and I deem you quite frankly, O my father, to be a louse." One recalled that disappointing dervish when reading recent Mohammedan and Hindu Press-comments on Indian developments, as quoted in our own newspapers. Not a single Oriental trope among them, not one sparkle of glittering imagery cribbed from Hafiz or Tagore or anybody. They might have been written in Scunthorpe.

Footnote

EVEN now, it seems, poetry is reserved for those gorgeous patent-medicine testimonials in native newspapers which are said to knock Mrs. E. Faddle's account of her inside—before her lightning cure by TUMPO (vide Press)—for a row of old Amritsar glass bracelets. You'd think the excitement in India would have inspired a blaze of faëry? Not a glimmer.

Tzigane

WHEN a platoon of cops and keepers raided the gipsy-camps on Epsom Downs at dawn in order to push the gipsies off the sacred grass, we heard, rolling our fierce Romany eyes, baring white wolflike teeth, clashing our gold



earrings) the *chals* melted into the undergrowth in the traditional Romany manner, moving softly and swiftly, like snakes. But they were caught and fined forty-bob-and-costs apiece just the same.

"Life is sweet, brother."
 "Do you think so?"
 "Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Excuse me."

(Large red-faced cops loom up and Mr. Petulengro melts away, leaving Mr. Borrow to beat it as best he can.)

Being one of the Three Great Victorian Liars, Mr. George Borrow would eventually gallop home and sit down to describe with gusto, how he fought and routed fifty of Britain's fiercest cops single-handed, with 25 beautiful gipsy girls, all crazy with love of him cheering in the background. We didn't note any wild Romany response to a recent cry in the *Times* to restore Mr. Borrow's tomb at Brompton. The *chals* have long since rumbled that boy, we guess; doubtless the unfortunate physio-psychological reason for his perpetual swaggering is likewise known to them, since they see the *Lancet* at their favourite club, the Athenæum.

You didn't know there were gipsies in the Athenæum? It was an episcopal *chal*-about to take the road who first roared the wellknown song in those venerable halls:

I must go down to the See again,
 To the vagrant gipsy life. . .

It's sweet to be alive, brothers, except for the bye-laws.

Pup

AT the Centenarians' Club, in the Cromwell Road, our spies report, they take a poor view of Mr. Gandhi's recent declaration that he has changed his mind about living to the age of 125. They say no whippersnapper can know his own mind at 78.

Several junior members of the Club, incidentally, are now affiliated with the Youth Movement, under a special concession by which leading West End *jeunes premiers* of the light musical stage and the Ballet over 60 are likewise eligible. At a Youth Hostel recently we noticed a rather bowed, elderly youth with grey hair skipping busily by himself, with yelps of pain, and asked naturally if he was one of the Sadler's Wells boys. The presiding mogul said no, he was just another youth with a mission, keeping fit; age about 58. His line was that Flaming Youth if given its chance can transform the world, and but for rheumatoid-arthritis, hives, bunions, Fogarty's Lesion, asthma, pyorrhea, ankylosis, nephritis, strabismus, fallen arches, and incipient G.P.I. this boy would undoubtedly, we gathered, have shown the world the way long since.

Meditation

WE think this type of adolescent more attractive than those frightful little bespectacled prigs who teach their grandmothers to suck eggs in "Youth Parliaments." Which also goes for the pallid little sweethearts in the



"Sorry, sir, no coppers for the 'phone"

Third Programme, who should be slapped gently on the wrist with a spray of verbena. As for conceited centenarians over 101, somebody should read them the Struldbrug Chapters from *Gulliver* every night before they retire. The amiable Dean knows his stuff.

Prang

A THEATRE critic performing on the evergreen theme of the devilry of West End actresses quoted Garrick's fighting-technique but forgot a more suave and delicate method of unarmed combat patented by Sir Seymour Hicks, that master-wit. Example:

A dress-rehearsal was held up by a clash between a bellicose little sweetheart in Hicks' company and the publicity-manager. She objected violently to the billing. Instead of putting her at the top, next to the leading lady, as was her right, they had put her in a separate line at the bottom, thus:

AND
DINTY GOLIGHTLY.

Hicks soon grew bored with the noise. Flicking the ash off his cigarette he murmured soothingly: "All right, Miss Golightly. Why not 'BUT'?"

Buddies

IT seems incredible that Robert Louis Stevenson's stepson and collaborator, Lloyd Osbourne, died only the other day in California, aged 79. One had deemed the last vestiges of the Stevenson Age blown away long ago, like the morning mists of Samoa.

Apparently Osbourne wrote *The Wrong Box* all by himself, and R.L.S. merely touched it up finally. This is the only one of the series we've never read. It notoriously sent Kipling into paroxysms of helpless mirth and was therefore, we judged, not terribly funny (compare Samuel Butler's fixed idea that Virgil was no good because Tennyson ran him). None of Osbourne's obituaries revealed exactly how he and Stevenson collaborated on *The Ebb-Tide* and other things, yet this is always keenly interesting. How do booksy boys collaborate? At what moment does all hell break loose? How soon does the despairing cry "Lousy!" ring from one collaborator or the other, leading to mayhem and torts? The French must find the strain even more difficult, yet apparently Robert de Flers and Cavallet, who wrote a long string of charming comedies together, had never a cross word (*engueulade*). Enigma.

The same applies to collaborators in other arts, such as Burke and Hare. Or Fortnum and Mason, who have (or had) exquisite York and Bradenham hams to swing, making it easy.

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



A "POT-CARRYING PUNDLE" resting after an exhausting struggle up a muddy incline.



Trevor Howard, at bay against the "Death on the Road" poster, in *They Made Me a Fugitive*, which goes to the Warner Theatre this week. He plays the role of a convict who, goaded by a jealous girl, escapes from Dartmoor and revenges himself on the man who had been the cause of his sentence. Sally Gray and Griffith Jones are the other two stars of the film. Trevor Howard was on the stage for many years before he entered films in 1943. Among those in which he has appeared are *Brief Encounter*, *I See a Dark Stranger* and *Green for Danger*.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

SOME years ago the novelist, Louis Bromfield, was employed by Samuel Goldwyn. He was given a sumptuous office, a gorgeous secretary and was paid a fabulous salary. But he was given no work. For weeks he sat around, drawing his pay, but doing absolutely nothing. Finally, he became fed up with this life of luxury. Breathing fire, he barged into Goldwyn's office.

"See here, Mr. Goldwyn," he said. "I want to break our contract. I realise you're paying me handsomely, but I'm not earning it, and I can't stand it!"

"Now, now, you shouldn't feel that way," consoled Goldwyn, putting a fatherly arm around the writer's shoulder. "After all, we hired you for your name, Mr. Bromberg."

A SMALL boy was taken out to tea with the neighbours. In the middle of the meal he turned to his hostess and asked her in his best conversational manner:

"Did you enjoy your holiday, Mrs. Brown?"

"My holiday?" said Mrs. Brown, "I'm afraid I don't understand. I haven't been away."

"Oh," said the boy, "I thought you had. I heard mummy say that you and Mr. Brown had been at Loggerheads for the past fortnight."

THE doctor was visiting a patient. "You're getting along nicely, Mrs. Brown," he said, cheerily. "You'll soon be up and queuing."

THE theatrical producer was giving an audition to a man with a new act.

Producing a puppy from his pocket, the man placed it on the piano stool, whereupon the puppy calmly proceeded to play part of one of the classics.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the producer, "I'll give you £100 a week for that."

"But that's not all," said the man, producing from another pocket a parrot, which, perched on the piano, sang an aria from an opera to the puppy's accompaniment.

Almost speechless by now, the producer managed to bring out an offer of £200 a week for that.

"Er-er," said the man, "before you decide, I must tell you the act's not strictly on the level. You see, the parrot can't sing. The puppy's a ventriloquist."

IT was the Englishman's first visit north of the I Border, and as he waited on the station platform for a connection he whiled away the time asking the porter a few questions.

"I suppose you have a provost in this town?" he asked.

"Ay," replied the porter.

"Does he have insignia like our mayors?"

"Does he have what?"

"Insignia. Well, for instance, does he wear a chain?"

"A chain!" exclaimed the porter in astonishment. "Na, na, he gangs about loose. But dinna be feared o' him; he's quite harmless."

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Sabretoche

THE Prime Minister's encomium upon the present Viceroy of India was endorsed by many other distinguished persons, who expressed admiration for the perspicacity which prompted the appointment of Lord Mountbatten. Personally, I should not think that it demanded perspicacity so much as common sense to pick a first-class brain. If the warring sects would not listen to the man who saved India from the Japanese invasion, to whom would they listen?

Further, it would seem to be desirable that they should ask the advice of this long head about another very great risk. The Prime Minister declined to be drawn upon the subject of the partition of the Indian Army, and perhaps rightly at this moment; but poor old Bartimeus himself could see that here is the kernel of this very hard nut. Partition! when the whole nut is not strong enough to resist the cracker which may grip it. A clear case, I submit, of "*Quem Deus vult perdere! . . .*"

Aftermath of Epsom

NOWHERE in the wide world is there a greater love for a good horse than in these British Isles, and it is of no consequence from whence he hails to make us rejoice in a success well and truly won. The congratulations to Baron de Waldner and Mme. Corbière upon the devastating victories of Pearl Diver and Imprudence in the Derby and Oaks were as spontaneous as they were genuine. We saw two first-class racehorses, and that is all that matters, so far as we are concerned.

The prime cause of our defeats since the war we know only too well. Bad food does not build champions. During the war our horses were on bare subsistence; since the war there has been no weight in the oat and as much sustenance as in what we get ourselves. Bulk does not make up for quality. The matter is not arguable, and this sawdust is the broad fact behind our failure. We try to do the same things on bad fuel as we were wont to do on the best, and we need not look only at what is happening on the turf. There are many other arenas in which we see a lack of staying power in the performers.

These good French horses are, and have been, scoring because the Germans were convinced that the West Wall was impregnable. They believed that France was their's for good and all, and there was therefore obviously no incentive to them to devalue resources which they believed were their own. Ribbentrop had started a bloodstock breeding establishment and a racing stable under cover of another name, and with commandeered horses. Why, then, should the Germans starve racehorses or any other livestock?

They were as cocksure of victory as all that, and probably even the fizzling out of the Ardennes offensive did not disillusion them, even though this came a little later after Lord Montgomery showed them what was coming to them! And now we see re-enacted before our eyes the old fable of the brass pots and the earthenware vessels. There is nothing wrong with British bloodstock breeding: the cause of defeat in battle is something quite different.

The Race

WHEN an odds-on favourite is beaten it is always a case of *Væ Victis!* and cuss everybody except yourself. Though it is not possible to believe, as the Derby was run, that anything in the field could have beaten Pearl Diver, who, incidentally, won in 5½ secs. more than the course record of 2 mins. 33 secs., I am convinced that one horse might have given him a bit of a fright.

I am not prepared to accept the verdict that Tudor Minstrel cannot get 1½ miles. He took a tremendous lot out of himself fighting for his head all the way in the first mile; he was pulling double as they came down to the bottom of the hill, and it suggests itself that if he had been allowed to gallop on he would have

expended far less vital force. He would probably have dropped on to his bit and been able to wait in front. The race

was not run in the snatches which suit the non-stayer and the pace was very solid all the way.

It is quite understandable that Gordon Richards, knowing the brilliant turn of foot which his horse possessed, was keenly anxious to keep it up his sleeve as long as he could, but, equally, this might have been used to leave any challenger with a bit farther to come than he would have relished.

I am sure that Tudor Minstrel's condemnation is not fully deserved; he certainly did his best to beat himself, but that does not make him a bad horse. It is always as well not to be too hasty, and, personally, I shall reserve the verdict until after the Leger. He is a beautifully-made animal, with far more scope than his actual measurements suggest, and I think that when he gets a return match he may confound some of his present critics.

Harking Back

THE short story of the Oaks is that Imprudence could have led all the way and won by as much more than five lengths as her jockey would let her. She was in front after the first three furlongs, and from that point onwards never in the slightest danger of being headed. Her jockey had only to sit still. The poor time need not therefore be discussed—2 mins. 40 secs. on a very fast course is ordinary. They said that Pierrette ran green and was galloping on at the end of the performance, but how can this make any difference, since not one of them at any part of the distance could compel the French filly to extend herself.

Johnstone, a good Australian jockey, had a big hold of Imprudence all the way. The Press failed to interview him after the race! It would have been a waste of time, for Imprudence had already said all that there was to say. She gave her Epsom jockey just as comfortable a ride as she gave him at Newmarket, and as she also gave Brethes at Longchamp, when she cantered away with the Poule d'Essai des Pouliches in soggy going. This filly might be anything, and the only grain of comfort to us is that Lord Rosebery sold her dam, Indiscretion, who was by Hurry On.

Imprudence has been raised on French oats, and neither she nor her papa or mama suffered any let from the war. The same thing goes for Chanteur II., who has been bought by one of the Leviathans of the Ring, Mr. William Hill, who won the Coronation Cup in his colours, carried them again in the Gold Cup, and is now for the stud, to which he will be a very valuable addition.

Polo at Rugby

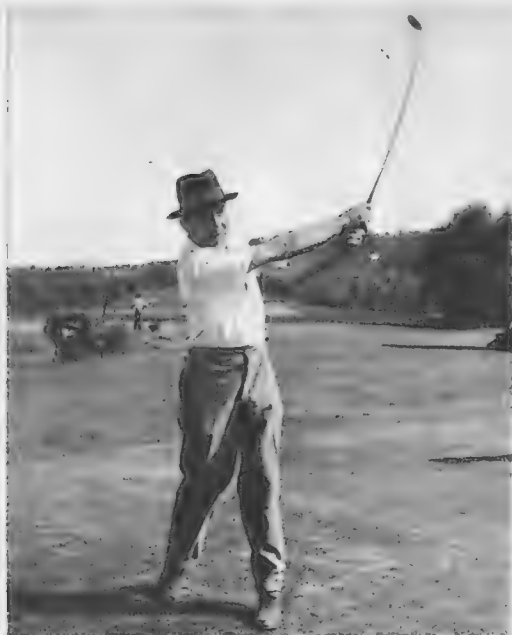
THE following note arrives from a correspondent in the Midlands about the chances of this ancient game at a place which, outside H.Q., was one of the most famous centres, and is redolent with memories of the Millers, who between them made a good deal of polo history, regimental and otherwise, and of a good many other famous players:

I had a letter to-day from Blank, and he says that they are struggling to start polo again, but he fears that it will be pretty hopeless, as no one can afford it unless they do their own ponies. Furthermore, he says it means girls playing, and so you can imagine it will not be exactly high-class.

It is certain that some people never intended that polo should come to life again in this country, witness what has happened at Polo G.H.Q. in London and the other two London clubs. The ladies, bless 'em, have shown us in the past at Hurlingham and elsewhere how keen they are, but personally I do not believe that Providence ever intended that polo should be their game. L.S.D. and the war played into the hands of The Destroyers, and whether the former foe is eventually routed or not, there will still remain the latter, a very bitter enemy.



Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert in his singles match against Major-Gen. R. G. W. H. Stone



Major-Gen. Stone drives with a determination which yields nothing to that of his opponent



Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore and Field Marshal Earl Wavell discuss the day's play in the clubhouse of the Berkshire Golf Club. The Generals won the cup presented by the Air Marshals by 18½ matches to 8½

Golfing Generals Beat Air Marshals at Ascot



Prince Peter of Greece, who is one of the players, making a shot



S/Ldr. Alan Roberts, D.F.C. and bar, who has started a polo club at Upper Cullam aerodrome, near Henley, with his wife. Games are played three days a week

Scoreboard



MY old friend Bob Wyatt, formerly of Warwickshire and now a promising Worcestershire colt, remarked of his shortage of runs in the early season: "If I thought that it was old age, I'd turn the whole thing in; but it's just luck in a bad mood." Now, I find myself feeling just the other way round. If I thought it was just bad luck when I put my bat in one place and find the ball in another; if I believed it was fortune with a hangover that causes my choicest deliveries to strike the centre of the bat; if I could persuade myself (and I'm gullible) that the catches I miss and the drives that I permit to pass between my feet (like speed-boats through the Colossus of Rhodes) were all attributable to the caprice of chance, well, I should be very angry indeed; but, as it is, I know, praise be, that it is our familiar friends and enemies, the years.

Old age must come; unless you're run over by the Fire Brigade. *Jam veniet tacito curva Senecta pede*; as Ovid observed on his way to exile for winking at the Vestal Virgins, or, as some aver, for seeing the Emperor's wife in her bath. Pass the cruets, please, Mr. Turtlebelly.

"The food was good, the drink delectious, None seemed jealous or suspicious."

THESE lines, by an anonymous Scottish bard, hopped into my mind after the recent cricket match which, like everything else that takes place between them, the Authors lost to the Publishers. Some of the authors' bowling was what Cdr. C. B. Fry, standing as umpire, described as "hospitable." "Find out," remarked Mr. Percy George Fender, at the end of one very poetical over, "what sort of stuff he writes." Mr. Arthur Barker plainly enjoyed his batting, and showed that some years as a prisoner of war have not blunted the crispness of his hooking.

Percy Fender's inability to bowl sadly handicapped the Authors. His shoulder had seized up after what he described, rather mysteriously, as "forty overs in Holland." Fender would have provided the antidote to Ian Peebles, who wrought havoc with the Authors' batting. Peebles, by the way, will have married a few days before these words appear. Congratulations

from the many admirers of this artistic bowler, one of the very few who have had Bradman missed and caught in the same quarter of an hour of a Test match.

SPEECHES of high standard and brief duration were made at the lunch interval of our match; by Mr. Geoffrey Faber, the *Oliver Twist* among publishers, who is constantly asking H.M. Government for more paper—in vain, of course; by Sir Pelham Warner; by Cdr. Fry, distinguished in diction and dress, and by Mr. Clifford Bax, who in his day has hit his six at Lord's. I found Mr. Bax the best umpire for combined attention and benevolence. One of the umpires gave the "wide" signal for all boundaries, and two nine-ball overs.

Many of the cricketers' ladies attended. Men by themselves at cricket become tiresome, reminiscent and often coarse. All these delights were made possible by the courtesy of the Pearl Assurance Company, on their ground at New Malden.

TO-MORROW, W.P., I shall be playing cricket in front of a juvenile relation and some of his school-fellows; an equal emotional strain for parent and child. Memory flits back to early Fathers' Matches. What blazers were on view, entitling their wearers, surely, to play for every country in Europe. The Second Eleven used to take on a team of Ladies. I remember our captain being bowled out by his mother with a "grub," and the bowler saying, "Were you quite ready, Artie?" And Artie's rage.

A friend of mine, who captained Oxford and made a few centuries for Middlesex in his day, went down to his son's school to play for the Fathers. He is a smallish man. As he walked out to bat, a rude junior exclaimed, "I say, what a putrid little pater!" For months afterwards he received letters with P.L.P. affixed to his name on the envelope.

MAY I end with a few words on the late James Agate, whose wit and learning long illumined this paper. Few talked better, and none listened less. As a critic, he could describe a play or a film in one digression. Essentially of the town, he loved to be thought the Country Squire. An intellectual, he spent thousands of columns on trivialities. No one will replace him.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.

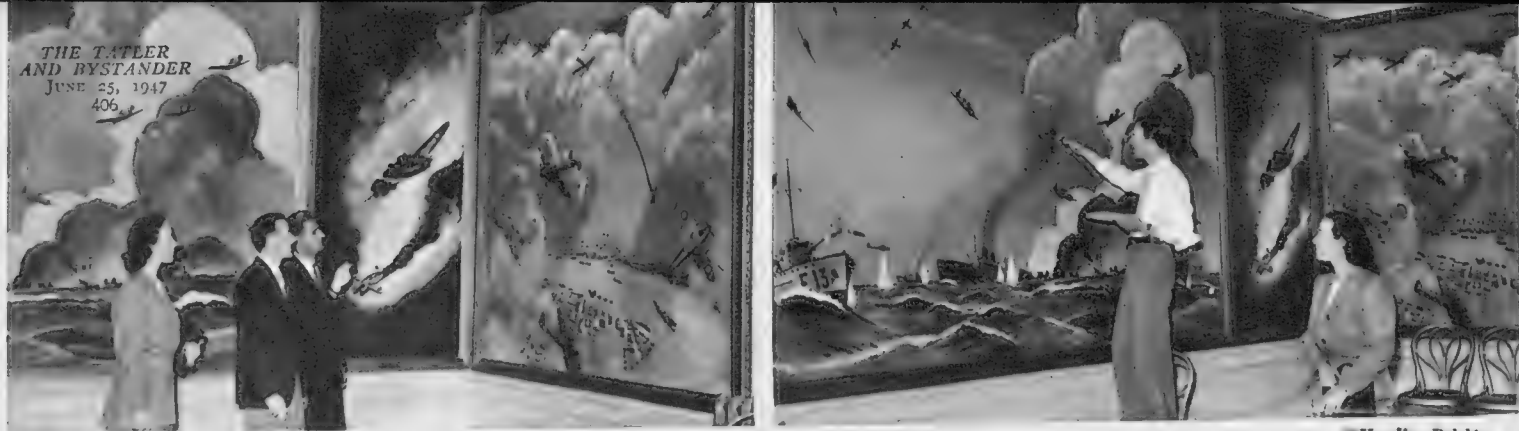
Tuning-Up for Post-War Polo



Whites, who played Colours in a recent game: S/Ldr. Roberts, Prince Peter of Greece, Mr. D. Little and Mr. H. Coriat



Colours, who were also a strong team, consisted of Mr. J. O. Barkley, Mr. Merick Hyman, Mr. Archie David and Col. H. C. Carden



Hamlin, Brighton

Battle Murals in a Brighton Hotel—A Mystery Solved

Some weeks ago "The Tatler" queried the authorship of air-warfare murals in the Hotel Metropole, Brighton. It has since been found that they were painted by ex-Sergeant-Pilot Norman Wilkinson, with the approval of his C.O., while he was training at Brighton. Now a textile designer in Manchester, he is seen with his wife and the hotel manager, putting finishing touches to the murals

Elizabeth Bowen's

BOOKSHELF

REVIEWED HERE

- "High Bonnet" "George Eliot"
- "English Story: Seventh Series"
- "Vassos the Goatherd"
- "Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden"

WHY—I have heard it asked by the sated reader—must novels always be about love? Is it estimated by authors, and by their allies, the publishers, that one cannot have too much of the tender passion? One must admit that actually, in anyone's real life, the years occupied by romance and courtship are comparatively few—at any rate, let us say, in well-ordered Britain. After a term of hawing, hopes, chagrins, illusions and second thoughts, the average person selects a life-partner and settles down (it is hoped) to think about other things.

Children, money, social relationships, politics, dress, sport and, last but not least, food enter largely into the thoughts and engage the feelings of most of us, once over the age of, say, thirty. With regard to love, a sigh of relief is heaved—one thing less to worry about, at any rate. Why, then, in fiction, this constant obsessive harping upon one theme?

Why not, for instance, a novel about food? Well, here is one. In *High Bonnet* (Heinemann; 6s.) Idwal Jones has given us a gastronomic romance—a story of which the hero is a chef, a story in which the whole emotional interest centres around the conception, preparation and serving to an appropriate clientele of fine dishes. *High Bonnet* is, let me make clear, not a cookery book disguised in narrative form. When it gives recipes (and it does give several), these add the fullest possible point to the particular situation of the moment. Of the tenseness, the creative hush and the controlled interior agitation accompanying the practise of high cookery, not a shade is lost. For it must be faced—or, at any rate, one learns here—that dishes, designed to be eaten, if eaten worthily, in an atmosphere of sanctified and ideal calm, originate in an atmosphere of artistic passion.

THE narrator-hero of *High Bonnet*, one Jean-Marie Gallois, a Provençal, begins life at sea, but at eighteen cannot ignore the voice of his true vocation. Cooking is in his family: his Uncle Abel, of Vence (Jean-Marie's own native town), is a master *confiseur*—Abel's "Nougat Masséna" was one of the enduring memorials of that hill-town, "renowned also for its panorama and its moteless air, which has the purity of crystal." Our hero himself has inherited a small share in this concern, and could have with honour played out a life-rôle in the family "temple" of nougat. But fate, and the intervention of Uncle Abel's monumental friend, the Baroness, are to decree otherwise:

Jean-Marie, armed with a letter, presents himself and is accepted in the mystic back regions of the Faisan d'Or restaurant, Paris.

Into this world of great kitchens—monastic, normally closed to the mere outsider—*High Bonnet* offers us a pass. Conscious of privilege, one dare hardly breathe. The time—it, alas, need hardly be said—is pre-war: what has become of this culinary *beau monde* now? For Jean-Marie and his eclectic set are idealists, creatures of high principles: æsthetic and moral purity seem, in them, to be linked—one cannot but feel that the Black Market, with its seedy by-ways, would be repugnant to them.

There is much to be learned, from *High Bonnet*, as to the duties of the customer, the eater of this fine food. The brutalising of the palate by over-smoking—not only at the meal, which is self-evident, but even between-times—is an enormity. Table-talk should be kept at a low and temperate pitch: the true, devout *gourmet* eats alone; or, if with others, virtually in silence.

One realises the agony it must be to serve dishes of the Faisan d'Or calibre to lovers, who, gazing besottedly into each other's eyes, either bolt or, still worse, neglect what is set before them with as much indifference as if it were something out of a tin. On to the same black list go those who reject advice as to the ordering of the perfectly-balanced meal: the relation of successive dishes to one another is, one is given to understand, symphonic. Finally,



"Down to Earth," by John Stewart Collis (Cape; 9s. 6d.), is a fascinating book in which facts about the lowliest orders of life are irradiated by the reflections of a genuine mystic—which is to say, a profound realist. The illustration is the title-page woodcut by David Koster, who also provides the chapter-headings

the distinction between the *gourmet* and the *gourmand* is, forever, established here.

Idwal Jones, Welsh by birth, is a naturalised American: the scene and tone of *High Bonnet* are, as you will have guessed, Gallic. There are, however, respectful references to regional English and Scottish cookery. This can but be a tantalising book to read in these days: all the same, it seems well we should be reminded of this far from least of the fine arts. And, some of us may have kept into middle life the happy childish capacity to enjoy "book food."

High Bonnet not only bears the seal of the Book Society's recommendation, but has an enthusiastic introductory note by André Simon, of The Wine and Food Society. There is one, miscarried, love-affair in the story, but this looms no larger, in relation to the emotional whole, than does a spoiled or a disappointing dinner (never, after all, a completely negligible affair) in the more ordinary, mainly "love-interest" novel.

GERALD BULLETT'S *George Eliot* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) is a valuable study of that great woman's life and work. *Has* George Eliot received, in our century, an unworthily small share of attention; and is she now, or shortly, due for a "revival" on something of the Anthony Trollope scale? Readers, at present, seem to be divided into the devotees and the (however uneasily and apologetically) indifferent.

There is a prevailing idea—an idea, I must confess, of which I am unable completely to rid myself—that she is "gloomy." And yet the most foolish critic must be silenced by a return to *Middlemarch*, which, packed with life, alive in a second sense with movement and visual beauty, four-squarely human, glinting with humour and irony, and, as a novel, superbly architected, is a triumphant landmark in our literary scene.

Mr. Bullett, as critic and as biographer, shows himself both penetrating and dispassionate. More than once, he puts our modern difficulties as to entire enjoyment of George Eliot in a nutshell. As in this passage—

She suffered her life long from an excess of taking thought. To "live without opium" was her resolve, by opium meaning the consolations of conventional religion and what we nowadays call wishful thinking; and she could not see that if self-deception is opium, persistent dwelling on the darker aspects of life is poison of a more lethal

kind. She seems to have had almost no capacity for unreflecting joy. She was an inveterate moraliser even of her pleasures. In work she could sometimes forget herself, and live; but her mind in repose was apt to be "sad"—not necessarily with sorrow, but with the heavy sadness of an ill-cooked cake. To regard her bleak outlook on life as the result of her change-over from Christian theism to agnostic fatalism . . . is, I think, to over-simplify the matter. Between the Calvinism of her youth and the Determinism of her later years there is little to choose. Either, if *felt* as well as intellectually accepted, is deadly. . . .

WE, nowadays, cannot but crave in writers just that "unreflecting joy" which George Eliot lacked. Recurrent flashes of it (for it cannot, obviously, be a persistent mood) account, or largely account, for the value set on Jane Austen, Dickens and Trollope—though none of these three shirked thought, by-passed morality, or refrained from distressing scenes.

We may note that in George Eliot's life as a woman, joy, whether unreflecting or otherwise, had not the natural stimuli: very different was hers from Jane Austen's dancing and flirting youth. Mary Ann Evans, daughter of a land agent—who had worked his way up to that position out of a humbler class—was born in 1819, at a Warwickshire farm. She grew up in a milieu ruled by stringent ideas—there were country pleasures, but frivolity would not have been kindly seen.

To frivol she was neither disposed nor formed: she was plain, inhibitingly self-conscious, vehement, desperately serious. The intellectual nobility of her features—which, when fame came her way as "George Eliot," were to be described as "sybilline"—cut little ice in her young days: John Chapman (with whom she was, or could have been had she dared to be, in love) describes one heartrending hour at Kenilworth when he, tactlessly, rhapsodised about beauty, and she first fell silent, then "wept bitterly."

IN the matter of intellectual contacts she was fortunate, for a girl of that period, living in the provinces. She had had the start of a fairly good education. At Coventry she made friends of her own kind; and those friends, the emancipated Brays and Hennells, had a number of distinguished visitors from London, including the aforesaid Chapman, and Herbert Spencer. It was through the latter that afterwards, when Mary Ann's father's death had set her free to earn her own living as a literary journalist, she met George Henry Lewes. With him she was to embark upon the great relationship of her life. It was Lewes who made her write novels; it was Lewes whose tireless love, faith and admiration first built up the self-confidence she had lacked, then brought her—as artist and, in her own way, as woman—out into full flower.

What irony, that that ideal marriage could not become a marriage in the official sense! Whether or not George Eliot ever quite shook off a sense of guilt about the irregular union cannot be known.

Lewes was, when she met him, a married but deeply and publicly injured man: two of his wife's three children were known not to be his. Nobody whose opinion we should respect thought any the worse of these two for the step they had taken. But it was a step—the

BOWEN ON BOOKS

year being 1854, high-water mark of mid-Victorian morality.

For Mary Ann Evans, the announcement that she had thrown in her lot with Lewes meant, she knew, a break with everything else—her family, her Coventry friends (whose views, if advanced, were not infinitely elastic). As George Eliot, the increasingly famous woman could afford to shrug her shoulders at the rest of the world. How greatly, therefore, should it be to her credit that she lived in fear of "offending one of these little ones"—of either setting a bad example or appearing, in anything that she wrote, to condone "sin."

Those twenty years of perfected human happiness—in which the two attracted into their circle the best minds and most outstanding personalities of their day—were, at the same time, George Eliot's great creative period. Lewes's death not only prostrated her, but left her helplessly lonely: as Mr. Bullett points out, this intellectually fearless woman was, to a fault, emotionally dependent. This accounts for her bizarre marriage, at the age of sixty-one, to John Walter Cross, twenty years her junior. Eight months after that wedding day, she died.

"ENGLISH STORY: SEVENTH SERIES" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) keeps up its standard in the matter of representative contemporary work.

Woodrow Wyatt's judgment as Editor seems admirable. "Writers," he says in his Foreword, "gloomy or cheerful, reflect the mood of their time." The majority of the stories in this collection hinge, accordingly, on the war-to-peace transition.

Whether the short story is the ideal vehicle for such a subject, I venture to doubt: it seems to me that, in several examples here, form (which I find essential) has had to be sacrificed to the attempt to render the present-day formlessness of life. T. O. Beachcroft, whose technique notably seldom fails, does best with "The Family Comes Home." Inevitably, the collection is somewhat thrown into shadow and out of shape by the towering excellence of Stephen Spender's "The Fool and the Princess"—a story of Displaced Persons which has

something greater than realism: vision. As poetic short-storyist, Mr. Spender seems to be in the direct succession of D. H. Lawrence. One can but wish that he would write more in this vein.

"VASSOS THE GOATHERD: A STORY OF CYPRUS," appears in the Pilot Press's "Children's Cinema Book" Series, at 1s. 6d. This is a picture-story, founded upon, composed from, that first-rate M.O.I. documentary film, *Cyprus is an Island*. The text has been adapted from notes made for the film, in Cyprus, by Laurie Lee. Result, an original, vivid book for your child—low price makes it good value for pocket-money.

"SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN" (The Bodley Head; 21s.) is an album of quite beautiful photographs by Merlyn Severn. She does not attempt to cover the whole field, but concentrates on five ballets—*The Sleeping Beauty* (the new production, with Oliver Messel costumes and décor); *The Rake's Progress*; *Miracle in the Gorbals*; *Adam Zero* and *Symphonic Variations*. Balletomanes and lovers of fine photography should seek, if they have not already seen, this book.



Mr. and Mrs. Martin McLaren's infant son was christened Richard Francis in London recently. Mr. McLaren is the son of the late Hon. Francis McLaren and of Lady Freyberg



S/Ldr. and Mrs. Henry Ashby's infant daughter was christened Ann Mollie Mary at Wargrave, Berkshire. The godparents included Air Vice-Marshal H. T. Lydford, C.B.E., A.F.C.



Mr. Francis and Lady Mary Rose Williams's infant daughter was christened Linda Jane Auriel at St. Mark's, W.1. [Lady Mary Rose Williams is the sister of the late Duke of Grafton



The Hon. Quintin Hogg, M.P., and Mrs. Hogg's daughter was christened Mary Claire in the Crypt Chapel of the Palace of Westminster. The godparents were Mr. Harold Freese-Pennefather, Mrs. Roger Field and Miss Elisabeth Whittall

CHRISTENINGS



Duncan — Ashley Cooper

General Smuts proposed the toast at the wedding in South Africa of Mr. Patrick Duncan, son of the late Sir Patrick Duncan, former Governor-General of the Union, and Lady Duncan, of Fortrie, Westminster, O.F.S., and his bride, Miss Cynthia Ashley Cooper, daughter of Sir Patrick and Lady Ashley Cooper, of Hexton Manor, Hitchin, Hertfordshire. The wedding reception was given at High Commission House by the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom and Lady Mary Baring

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Yearley — Wyatt

Mr. Norman E. Yearley, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Yearley, of Burwood Avenue, Pinner, Middlesex, married Miss Joan V. Wyatt, only daughter of the late Mr. A. G. Wyatt and of Mrs. Wyatt, of Motcombe, Paignton, Devon, at St. Paul's Church, Ruislip



Hazeldine — Curtis-Willson

Mr. Roy Edward Hazeldine, younger son of the late Mr. T. F. Hazeldine, and of Natalie Lady Ricketts, of Wilthean, Sussex, married Joan Maureen Curtis-Willson, widow of Capt. C. L. Curtis-Willson, R.A., and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cranfield



Tait — Percival

Mr. George Tait, Counsellor and Consul-General at the United States Embassy in London, married Miss Marjorie Percival, only daughter of the late Mr. James Percival and of Mrs. Florence Percival, of Hurstdale, Bowdon, Cheshire, in London



Harding — De Schryver

S/Ldr. K. J. Harding, D.F.C., R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Harding, of Old Springs, Market Drayton, Shropshire, married Mlle. Elaine de Schryver, daughter of M. Paul de Schryver, of 39, d'Avenue d'Amerique, Antwerp, Belgium, at St. Michael's Church, Antwerp



Counihan — Nixon

Mr. John Gerard Counihan, son of the late Mr. Patrick Counihan and of Mrs. Counihan, of Connellmore, Newbridge, Co. Kildare, married Miss Christina Mary Nixon, only daughter of the late Major Sir Christopher Nixon, Bt., and of Lady Nixon, of Braemar, Bray, Co. Wicklow, and sister of the present baronet

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SUMMER

AFTERNOON



Photographs by Derek Adkins

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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis



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Navana

Miss Donagh Sandilands, daughter of Major and Mrs. D. P. Sandilands, and granddaughter of the late Mr. Alexander Gartlan, of Cabra House, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, who is to be married on June 28 to Mr. Hubert Anthony Eccles, M.B.E., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Eccles, of Broughton Hall, Cartmel, Lancashire



Anthony Buckley

Miss Pauline Fisher, daughter of the Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Fisher, of the Manse of Crossmichael, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, who is engaged to Lieut.-Col. Michael Forrester D.S.O., M.C., The Queen's Royal Regiment, second son of Mr. and Mrs. James Forrester, of Belcom House, Upper Bassett, Southampton



Miss Aline Mozelle Ezra, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ezra, of Foxcarren Park, Cobham, Surrey, who is engaged to Mr. Claude James Morny, son of Mrs. Stuart Bevan, of Thames Pavilion, Wallingford, Berkshire



Miss Diana Mary Leigh, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. B. J. Leigh, of The Tanyard, Shorne, Kent, who is to be married in August to Lieut. Reginald Patrick FitzGerald, D.S.C., Royal Navy, only son of Captain P. K. FitzGerald of Forest Cottage, Holtwood, Wimborne, Dorset, and of Mrs. V. H. FitzGerald



Harlip

The Hon. Hermione Willoughby, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Middleton, of Birdsall House, Malton, Yorkshire, whose engagement has been announced to Lieut. Charles H. R. Wynn, Royal Navy, younger son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Wynn, of Rhug, Corwen



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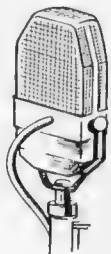


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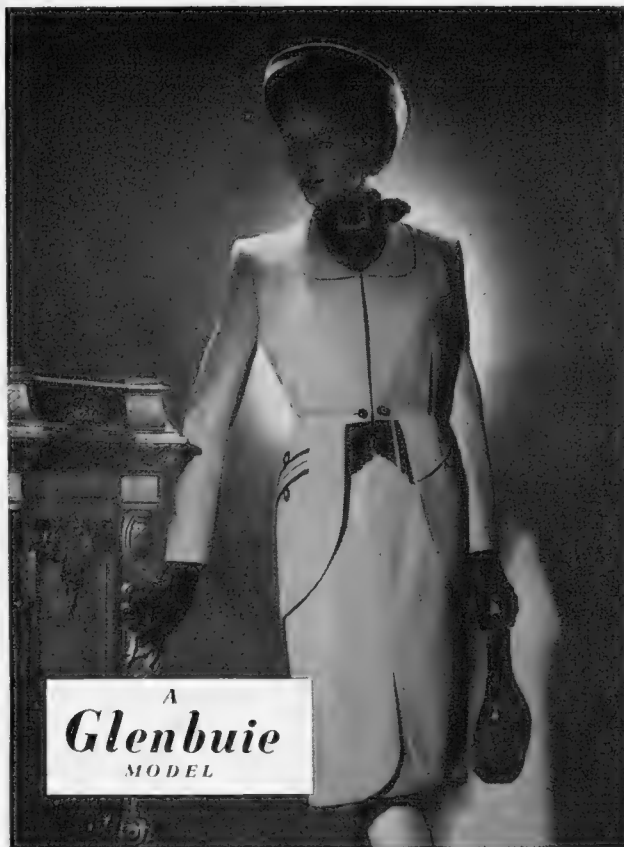
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Oliver Steward on FLYING

I HAVE never seen a better organized flying display than Westland's helicopter demonstration at Barnes. A great many flights were given and the two Sikorsky machines obliged with excerpts from their repertoire—including servicing a marine buoy from the air, picking up a girder and landing in a space left in the midst of a number of motor cars.

It was the first time I had been up in a helicopter and I was chiefly impressed by the landing. After having got thoroughly used to the tangential landing of the ordinary aeroplane, with the grass-whizzing by, it was weird to land by a vertical lowering.

Little Vibration

FROM the remarks of those who had been up in helicopters in the United States I had been led to believe that vibration is bad. But I did not find it so. In fact vibration and noise were less than in the ordinary aeroplane.

In short the demonstration proved that the Sikorsky 51 is a first-class flying machine. It is much slower than a comparable aeroplane; but it is able to do many things that the aeroplane cannot do. And it does offer pleasing travel in a form completely different from ordinary flying. The Westland company has done well to buy the Sikorsky licence for this country. The helicopter in which I went for a flight had a Pratt and Whitney engine, but the Westland production model will have the Alvis Leonides.

Keen Eyes Watching

MANY people from the air transport organizations went to Barnes to see what helicopters could do. I noticed Air Commodore Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight, and Sir Ben Lockspeiser, Chief Scientist of the Ministry of Supply, going for flights.

Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, who has put British South American Airways ahead of

the other two Corporations in practical, commercial results, and who is the most important figure in commercial aviation in Europe at the moment, was at Barnes. But he feels that the ordinary aeroplane with full slot equipment ought to be given a chance to show what it can do in the matter of short run landings and take-offs.

Lord Aberconway, chairman of Westland's, spoke well and wittily. In fact, as I said at the beginning, it was an admirably organized show. And now let us hope that Westland production will go ahead on helicopters and that more rapid progress will be made with the British designs.

DC-4M-1

ANOTHER demonstration worthy of special notice was that of the DC-4M-1 transport with four Rolls-Royce Merlin 620 engines. The machine is being made by Canadair under licence from the Douglas company and the British engines give it a particularly fine performance.

Gross take-off weight of the production model will be 36,300 kilograms and maximum payload 6,750 kilograms. Maximum cruising speed under most favourable conditions will be 527 kilometres (328 miles) an hour.

A good deal of attention has been paid to the cabin arrangements and the demonstration aircraft gives the impression of being completely modern although in fact the DC-4 is a fairly old design.

The excellence of this aircraft makes one regret



Lt.-General Sir Frederick Browning, of Airborne fame, and Lady Browning (Daphne du Maurier) at a Dutch airport when returning from a holiday in Switzerland

that the scheme for putting British engines in a Constellation was not continued. It would have been interesting to note how its performance would have compared with the version with American engines.

A Good Appointment

Few men succeeded better in the role of Deputy Director of Public Relations at the Air Ministry than the late C. P. Robertson. When he died he left a difficult post to fill, but I think that the Air Ministry have chosen well in appointing Mr. Thomas Cochrane. The type of man who can deal with newspaper inquiries and direct publicity policy without either causing trouble for his Minister or infuriating the inquirers is extremely rare.

An example of the kind of thing with which public relations directors must now compete was provided the other day when it was revealed

for the first time that dried egg could often be a source of poisoning. It seems that the Ministry of Food knew about this all along but made no public statement. Fortunately the Air Ministry hardly ever has to choose between letting people poison themselves and making a public statement. But it often has to choose between developing aircraft in secrecy in the hope that they will be useful defence machines and making news of them in the hope that they may be sold abroad.

Anyhow we may expect sound policy, soundly applied in so far as Tommy Cochrane holds the responsibility.

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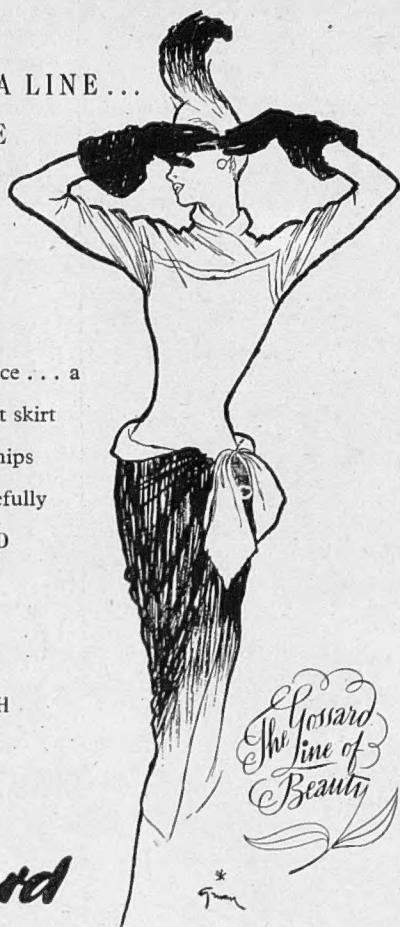
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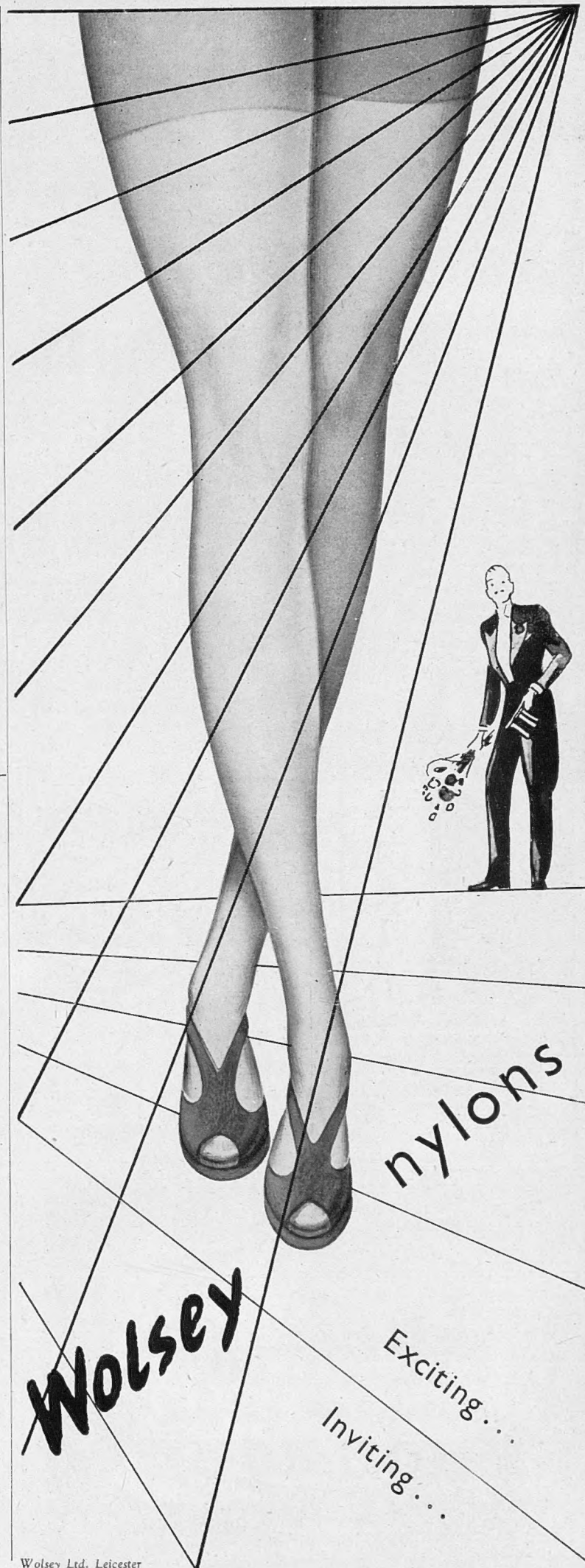
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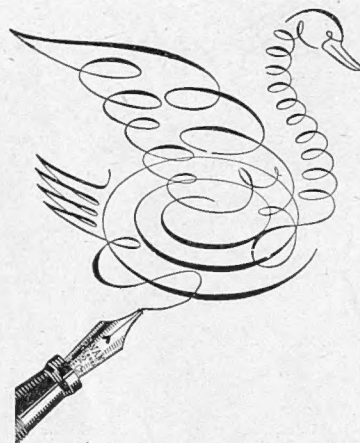
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**COATS, SUITS
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*You can now buy
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Ask persistently
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*You cannot do better
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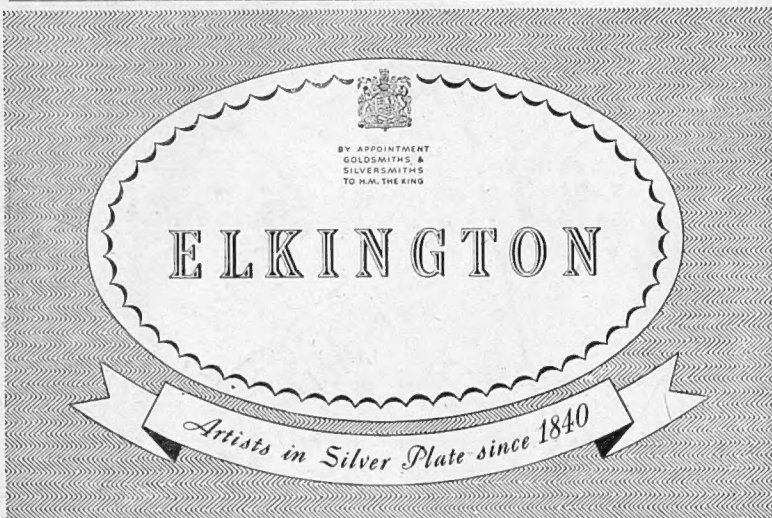
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Making the real

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is a complicated job—
more complicated indeed
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restrictions will allow. That's why
it's still difficult to buy the real Aertex—
warm in winter, cool in summer. Later when
we are back to normal we shall produce your
favourite garments in sufficient quantities
and varieties to meet your demands.

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THE BEST FROM  THE WEST...

SYMONS'
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The WISE Habit!

APPLE MILLS • TOTNES • DEVON & AT LONDON

"Lend me your Kershaws"



OLYMPIC (8x30)



Price £23.7.6
or Lightweight £25
including purchase tax on
leather case and sling

KERSHAW

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You can't make a better choice than a KERSHAW. Whether in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, or in the crowd at Tattenham Corner, at Cheltenham, York, or anywhere where horses compete on the "flat" or "over the sticks," your KERSHAWs will be invaluable. Where racing is concerned, only KERSHAWs are good enough.

It's treats ahead...



MAYFAIR are now making three new "better quality" assortments of their delicious Toffees and Chocolates, for those who appreciate the good things of life. These are:

MAYFAIR "Première"
VANITY FAIR "Super Six"
VANITY FAIR "Fanfare"

Rich chocolate coatings, a host of intriguing new centres... truffle, fudge, caramel, fruit flavourings, crème... in gay swagger wrappings. Yes it's treats ahead for you!

**TOFFEES
AND
CHOCOLATES**

*"Melt
in every
mouth"*

ASK FOR MAYFAIR & VANITY FAIR ASSORTMENTS.

Made by Mayfair Products Ltd., Sunderland.

M7

THE COOPER



"Any work for the Cooper?"—was frequently heard among the cries of London in the 18th Century. Although these wandering craftsmen are no longer seen on the London Streets, at Whitbread's Brewery the Coopers still apply, to the making of casks, the same experience and skill born of tradition as did their predecessors two centuries ago.

Est'd. 1742

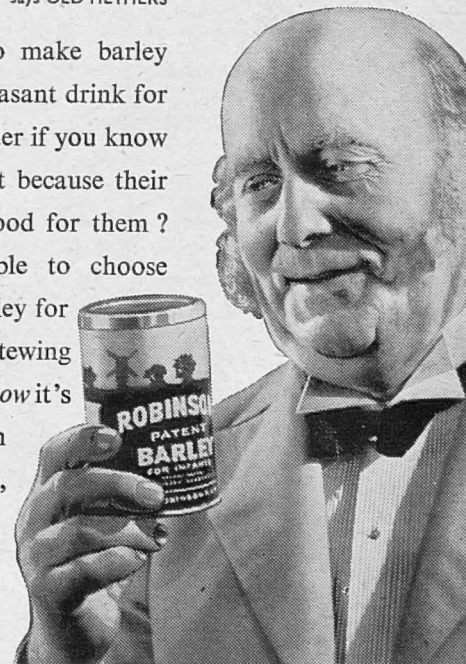
WHITBREAD

Brewers of Ale and Stout

Now look at this tin,

says OLD HETHERS

You buy it, madam, to make barley water as a refreshing pleasant drink for your family. But I wonder if you know how many people buy it because their doctors tell them it's good for them? Well, you're all sensible to choose Robinson's 'Patent' Barley for it cuts out all the tedious stewing and straining, and you know it's clean for it's packed in sealed tins. Like you, madam, I look forward to the day when they put it up in bottles again.



Barley Water from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY



Bottle up your feelings

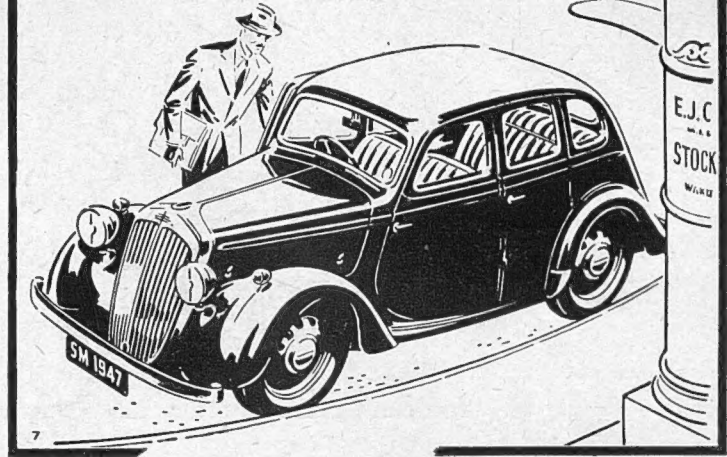
However sick you are of restrictions, it's still better to bottle up your feelings than to unbottle your Lembar. Keep it till someone in the family is genuinely sick: Lembar is made from pure lemon juice, glucose, barley and sugar, and it does make 'flu, biliousness or fevers a bit easier to bear.

RAYNER'S medicinal
Lembar

Available in limited
quantities.

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18

The man in the Singer
is the man in
the know

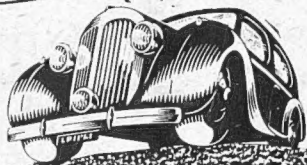


The Super-Ten Saloon (illustrated here) and the 9 h.p. Roadster are now in production — though not yet in the quantities needed to obviate a waiting list. Those in the know consider them well worth waiting for.

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... fit North British Tyres. You can
trust their sturdy, cushioned tread
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